

ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY TIMES.



No. 1.—Vol. I.]

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1843.

[SIXPENCE.]

TO OUR READERS.

Nothing is more difficult than a commencement, save indeed a conclusion. Few know how to enter the world with grace, and fewer still, how to go out of it with propriety. We hope to be an exception to the first ignorance, and to have no occasion for the study of the last necessity. The question will very naturally be put to us, what claims we have upon public support? We will not reply by self-eulogy if we can avoid it, although we must necessarily slide into a little egotism. Hitherto the Pictorial Press has distinctly been characterised by its literary senility. Our object is to give it strength, and to show that illustration need not necessarily imply twaddle. Convinced that in these times of political excitement he who holds back from doing his duty politically to the masses, as well as individually to the man, errs greatly, we shall take a decided course in Liberal politics, telling the truth fearlessly, and writing freely of the great questions which now agitate the nation. As a Newspaper, we shall give the whole intelligence of the week as fully as the great proportion of our unillustrated contemporaries; and as brevity and modesty are the greatest recommendations common sense can have, shall refer our readers to the contents of this, our first number, as a specimen both of our purpose and ability.

THE CORN LAWS.

The question of Corn-law Repeal is one to which every other is of merely secondary interest; and it is the duty of the journalist, having the welfare of the people at heart, to make Corn-law Repeal the primary object of his labours.

It seems almost superfluous to bring forward arguments for proving a position which has received the national assent;—but though the truth that the present Corn-laws are ruinous to the country, is one that is almost universally recognised, it is only by keeping that truth continually before the public mind we can hope to see its power prevail over the mistaken and selfish efforts of the few who are employed in opposing it. We say that the opponents of Corn-law Repeal are not only selfish, but mistaken; and so they undoubtedly are, for nothing but the most obstinate blindness could prevent them from seeing that a system which is fatal to the country at large, must ultimately involve themselves also in ruin. If it were even otherwise, and their prosperity were dependent on the maintenance of the present system, it would still be intolerable that all other classes should be oppressed in order that one might preserve an undue advantage at the expense of the general interest. When, however, the most powerful appeals for total and immediate abolition have proceeded from persons connected with agriculture (several of the prize essays published by the Anti-Corn-law League, being the production of extensive farmers and landholders)—when those of their own class, who have the power and patience to investigate the matter, added to the talent for putting their views forward in a convincing shape; when, we say, the most intelligent among the agriculturists themselves are found ranged on the side of repeal, it is time to treat with contempt the stupid cry for “protection,” which has been inherited like the land itself—as a mere matter-of-course—by those who echo it.

It is the fashion of the monopolists to pretend a peculiar affection for the masses at large, and to tell them that if food should become cheap, they would have diminished means of buying it. There is no reason for saying this, further than that it may rouse the fears of the working classes, who can scarcely apprehend the possibility of being worse off than they are at present. It, however, happens that in all countries where labour is in demand, wages will be good, however low may be the price of provisions. In America, where the necessities of life are plentiful and cheap, the wages of the workman are high, not only in comparison with the low cost of living, but his earnings would be very far above his wants, even in a dear country. So much then for the argument that cheap food and very low wages are everywhere, and would be in England, simultaneous. The abolition of the duties on Corn, while extending the demand for our manufactures, could scarcely lower the wages of the workman; and, indeed, the doctrine is truly absurd,—that

the more a particular commodity might be wanted, the less would be paid for it.

It seems also, to us, a very ridiculous assertion, that if England were supplied with food from abroad, and manufactures were to be greatly extended, the land would lose its value. If such were the case, how comes it that land in the neighbourhood of large and densely populated manufacturing cities is more valuable than elsewhere? And how does it happen that a landlord gets considerably more for his ground when a factory is built upon it, than he could possibly receive from it if it were cultivated? If land were of no use but for rearing agricultural produce, we might allow that the admission of that produce from abroad would appear *prima facie* injurious to the landed interest; but when we know that the soil yields a lower profit in cultivation than when turned to any other use, it becomes ludicrous to hear the wailings of some of the landowners at the ruin they anticipate should their fields be devoted to the building of factories. The cry of the monopolists is, that the agricultural interest is already depressed; and, like dogs in the manger, not—as they assert—enjoying prosperity themselves, they protest loudly against anything being done to save the commerce of the country from ruin. If, however, agriculture is declining, and trade is not to be revived, let us ask the landowners or the farmers, what is the occupation they will select for their children? It is to trade that they might legitimately look for honourable employment and for wealth; but if trade is to be destroyed for the sake of a selfish and misguided few, where is the resort of enterprise and industry?

The two great points to be accomplished by Corn-law Repeal are—cheapness of food, and the extension of trade—both of which would be sources of general prosperity. These two objects, if attained, would secure to the landlord the appropriation of his uncultivated land to more profitable uses;—to the manufacturer, a larger demand for his goods, and a greater facility of supply;—to the tradesman, an increase in trade, by the greater extent of exchange of commodities;—and to the workman, not only a greater command over the necessities of life, but a higher value for his labours. All classes are, therefore, interested in the repeal of the Corn-laws. Their abolition is so clearly desirable, that it can only be a question of time; and to expedite that time will be the constant aim of our labours.

M'NAUGHTEN'S CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

We can scarcely imagine a more difficult position than that in which a jury is placed, before whom stands a man accused of deliberate murder, but of whose sanity there is a doubt. The mind revolts at the idea of claiming an exemption from an irresponsible being; while, at the same time, our sense of justice demands that we should watch with care, and suspicion, lest punishment be evaded by a *semblance* of insanity. The twelve “good men and true,” who sit in the jury-box, may determine, with perfect ease, whether such and such facts, deposed by the several witnesses under examination, are true or false, and can therefore, at once, come to a ready conclusion on the subject; but where questions involving a knowledge of mental disease, and the intimate relationship between mind and body, are mooted, plain-dealing men are bewildered, and must trust to the guidance of superior spirits. In these cases the medical evidence is decidedly the most important—in fact, it can scarcely be called simple evidence; the moment a medical man enters the witness-box, he pronounces the verdict of the prisoner. In M'Naughten's case, it is a subject of much congratulation to the Court generally, that the evidence adduced, not only by the medical men, but also by the lay witnesses, throughout the trial, could leave no doubt whatever of the man's insanity. The case was too clear in all its bearings to admit even of a quibble; and anxious, as no doubt, the prosecutor would be to punish the guilty, yet the proofs of irresponsibility disarmed even him. But here a most important question arises. Are we thus to “stand in jeopardy every hour,” because, forsooth, the man who may murder us “in the climax of his insanity” labours under a delusion, and is not a punishable object? Certainly not. The safety of the community ought to be consulted; and if no punishment can, with propriety, be inflicted upon the monomaniac, the friends and natural guardians of such an individual should be held responsible. Look at the case of M'Naughten; witnesses came forward in crowds to depose to his well-known insanity, and yet

he is permitted to go forth, his delusion ripening fast into maturity, until at last, as our friend Dr. Hutchinson said at the trial, it reaches “its climax,” and nothing but “physical obstacles” would or could prevent the catastrophe which ensues. Then, how is it that such “physical obstacles” are not presented? Is the recklessness of a parent to be permitted thus to interfere with the life of an individual, or of many? We say, no. There ought to be immediately a provision made, whereby the negligence of the acknowledged guardian of an insane person should be made highly punishable. We are perfectly aware that a law of this kind would be liable—without great care—to abuse; but stringent provisions, and well-ordered inspection, might ensure perfect protection on both sides. That M'Naughten acted under an impulse which he could not control, we are perfectly sure; and he no more deserves hanging than the poor monomaniac who attempts suicide; yet, as his insanity was of no sudden growth, but of gradual and lengthened development, noticed by his relatives for some time—we do hold them, in some measure, blameable. Henceforth, however, he will be out of harm's way—the companion of men, who, like himself, have committed, or have attempted to commit, murder. The annals of the ward in Bellam, tenanted by such men, must be of a melancholy description. If the mind, during the lifetime of seclusion from the world, recovers its tone, how pungent, alas! must be the thoughts that fill that mind! In this case there is no hope of release;—the dawn of reason brings no visions of happy homes, and rejoicing friends; all is a dreary blank, and the feeling heart can only hope that the mind of such unhappy wretches may remain still in the darkness of insanity.

THE STARVING MILLIONS.

The starving millions! Alas, alas! this is not the startling cry of restless agitation, or the exciting watchword of a political party! It is a sober, truthful, and incontrovertible exclamation, that has been echoed even by the *languages* of the Tory Ministry itself. Would to God it could find an echo in their *hearts*! Who that passes along our crowded thoroughfares, does not observe the change in the aspect of those poor creatures who depend upon casual aid for their daily bread? The skulking and sturdy mendicant hath brave competitors in the field; for the industrious mechanic, and the ruined operative have been driven to the streets, to beg for their poor starving children a morsel of bread. God help them! We know what the decent pride of an Englishman is, even in the humble ranks; and severe must be the pangs of hunger that would drive an industrious man to mendicancy. But so it is; and honest men are driven to dishonest acts, merely to obtain the coveted shelter of a prison-house; and so sharp is the tooth of want, that the stinted diet of the goal is deemed as a rare delicacy! Is there no remedy? Cannot the lordly Bishop, with his tens of thousands per annum, taken from the pockets of these poor people, devise some plan of relief? My Lord Bishop, must the people starve? Consumers of the taxes, wrung from the famished poor, have ye no bowels of compassion? Must the people starve? Sir Robert Peel, must your countrymen starve? Where are the promised blessings of a Tory reign, the golden triumphs of Conservative policy? Where are those good, kind gentlemen, who, on the hustings, almost wept over the depravity of the Whigs, and lamented so loudly the approaching ruin of the nation? Where are the promises ye wot of—promises which led us to cast Melbourne from his high place, and to grant to the Lords Russell and Palmerston permission to retire? Alas! the promise is broken to the hope! The wretchedness of the people is treated with contempt—for neglect in this case is contempt; and nothing but the united, and emphatic, and reiterated demands of the nation for redress, can move the dull ear of power.

PRISON CRUELITIES.

We have no sympathy with crime: if the law be broken, let the majesty of that law be vindicated by the condign punishment of the malefactor. But the spirit of the British constitution is directly opposed to unnecessary cruelty, during the administration of justice; and as this is not only the spirit of our English law, but also that of Nature itself, we feel ourselves bound to notice its slightest invasion.

The death of two poor men in one of the prisons of the Metro-



CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S.

There is no royal road to Heaven. The mightiest monarch and the meanest serf must bow at the same footstool—must indulge the same penitential feeling—must pursue the same rugged path of moral integrity, or the desired haven is never attained. There are, however, certain decencies to be observed in the outward forms of divine worship, the absence of which, we think, are insulting to the object we adore. During the theocratic era of the Jews, the ALMIGHTY actually condescended to point out the peculiar style and form of his earthly tabernacle; and when Israel chose a monarch, we find one of her best and wisest kings expending the wealth and energies of a nation in the erection of a magnificent temple. A man who deems any place fit for the celebration of public worship, or who would enter upon so sacred a ceremony unshaven, or in slovenly habits, has no true estimation of the magnificence of a Supreme Being, who demands the homage of the body as well as of the soul. Thus, while we hate and abhor the unnecessary expenditures, the solemn pomp and the compulsive levies of a dominant Church, we should be the first to regret the introduction of that order of sacred architecture where economy is the only object in view, and where all ornament is ruthlessly excluded. Our dissenting brethren, we rejoice to say, have caught our spirit, and the barn-like meeting-house has been replaced by the elegant Gothic or Grecian superstructure.

In the engraving, we present our readers with a view of the interior of the Chapel Royal of St. James's, the spot where many a powerful monarch has bowed before the Majesty of Heaven. This chapel is very ancient, being, in fact, the same which belonged to the Hospital of St. James before its dissolution, in the reign of Henry VIII. After the removal of the brethren and sisters of this hospital, the bluff King Harry demolished a great part of the old

fabric, and on its site built the present gloomy prison-like palace of St. James—the chapel being left nearly in its original integrity. Here, then, have worshipped all our reigning sovereigns since the days of Henry; here, too, on every Sabbath during her residence in town, our own gracious Queen acknowledges the infinite majesty of the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Our readers are aware no doubt, that owing to distressing circumstances, it has been deemed best to build a chapel in conjunction with Buckingham Palace. Sad reflection that our Queen cannot pass to her devotions in safety!

There are forty-eight chaplains who preach in turn before the Royal Family; but few, however, of that number officiate in this chapel. The establishment consists of a Dean, usually the Bishop of London, who has a salary of two hundred pounds per annum; a Lord High Almoner, a sub-Almoner, whose salary is £97 11s. 8d. per annum; a Clerk of the Queen's Closet, who has beneath him three Deputy Clerks, and a Closet Keeper, the latter of whom is allowed £41 per annum, besides £50 for necessities, and £31 5s. for washing and linen. Besides these there are some inferior officers, such as choristers, &c.

In addition to these there are sixteen Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, who have a salary of £73 per annum each; and five Clergymen, and eight Gentlemen in Waiting. The organist and composer has a salary of £146 per annum; the second organist £41 10s.; the violist £40; and the lutanist £41 10s. yearly. The two latter offices are sinecures, held by two gentlemen of the Chapel. The sergeant of the vestry has a salary of £182 2s. per annum; the groom of the vestry £51 12s.; the yeoman of the vestry £54 15s. In addition there are maintained and taught ten children of the Chapel Royal, at an expense of £320 per annum.

favourable harbourage, they gradually collected, bringing their trade, which created employment, and gave an impulse to population. The barren beach became clothed with the temples of trade, and the fisher-huts gave place for the dwellings of the merchants. The day was when a dock was a curiosity and a wonder, but that has long past. In London there are now many. The Commercial (which was until very lately called the Greenland and Commercial Docks) was intended and principally used as a depository for articles of trade imported from America, the north of Europe, and the whale fisheries, a pool being reserved expressly for the latter, and for the convenience of which cellars were sunk, and dry and commodious warehouses and offices were erected, not only for the purpose of storing the cargoes, but also of melting them. Hemp, corn, timber, and bar-iron is usually stored there, and it is now principally used for that purpose, being particularly adapted for such stores. The logs of the Canadian forests, and those of the regions of the Baltic, line its immense area, affording a pleasant shelter for the perch which securely bask beneath its sombre waters undisturbed, unless when the logs are removed for the purposes of commerce, or when the permission of the directors is obtained for a day's vocation in "the gentle science." The fish in the pools of the dock grow to a large size, and are sometimes taken much exceeding the average of even fine fish.

The subject of our heading and commerce are closely and intimately interwoven, so much so that it were scarcely possible to speak of the former without connecting the latter with it; for the rivers, the harbours, and the docks are the sinews of commerce, while enterprise is the life and the directing spirit. By commerce nations have risen, and while it has been fostered and nourished they have been healthful and vigorous—extending the blessing of prosperity to its members, and enabling the meaneast of her citizens to revel in comparative plenty; but when neglected, it has perished, and in its fall has crushed the state, the miserable policy of which had poisoned that which was its life and its being, and by which only it would thrive. England, a tiny spot in the North Sea, and which even in a map of the world of some pretensions it would be difficult to discover, unless her whereabouts was previously known, has spread herself over the face of the known world. Was it by the splendour of her attainments, by the vastness of her possessions, or the invincible and inflexible bravery and hardihoods of the denizens of her soil? It was by the splendour of an attainment rightly directed by the far-sighted politicians who took for their guide reason, and enacted laws which nursed the timid babe until it grew to be a Titan; it was to the position, not to the extent of her territories, that she partly owed her grandeur; but it was still more owing to those minds who saw those capabilities through the dim mists of the future, and strengthened the germ, and by the aid of good laws and premiums for exertions fostered it until it bore rich and plentiful fruit. It is to her commerce that England owes her eminence in the scale of nations—an eminence which territory could never give, because it must be bounded; whereas, the resources of commerce are unbounded, for whilst the world is inhabited commerce must flourish.

Hence she derived her power—a power which bid defiance to the congregated nations of Europe, directed perhaps by the greatest intellect which ever governed a mortal's acts. It was this which supplied the means. It manned her ships, and gave her peace and security at home, while the Continent of Europe was deluged with blood, and shrouded in the gloom of an iron despotism. In England the sound of mirth was heard, for commerce had given her security, richness, and happiness, at the time when on the neighbouring nations the hand of fate was heavy. The wail and the cry was ringing o'er their plains, for their hearths were desolate and their dwellings deserted.

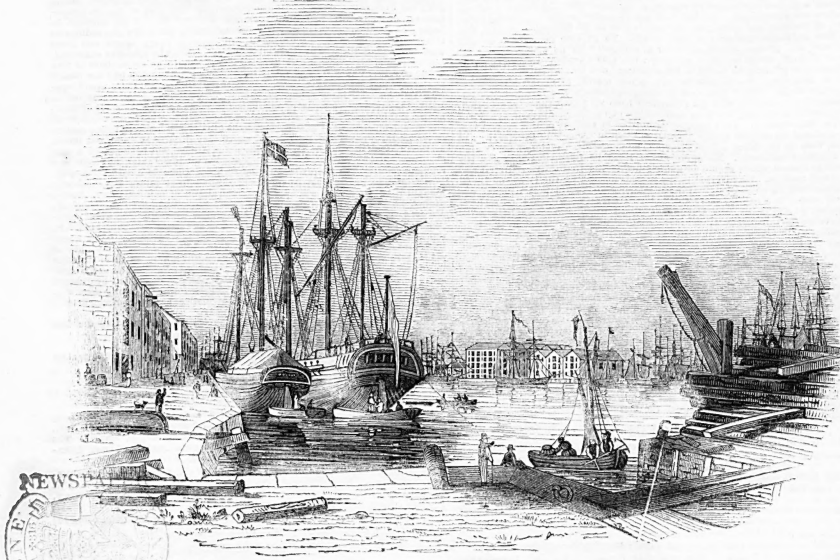
But for England, a happier lot was reserved; she had cultivated the only means which could have preserved her from the ambition which desolated Europe.

Portraits of Eminent Divines.

No. I.—THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.



The reverend gentleman whose portrait adorns our pages this week, is ever foremost in labours of love and philanthropy. Unlike many of his clerical brethren, his views are decidedly liberal, and both the platform and the pulpit have been witnesses of his untiring zeal in the cause of his suffering countrymen. When the Corn-law question began first to agitate the nation, Mr. Noel stepped forth at once, and, without disguise, took his stand as an abolitionist of monopolies, and backed his position by arguments alike honourable to his head and his heart. Our readers may recollect, as well as ourselves, the chagrin of the monopolists, when despite the well known liberalism of the Rev. Baptist Noel, our gracious Queen created him one of her own chaplains. Would to God she had ever acted thus firmly and consistently in the choice of her officers! Mr. Noel preaches at the Chapel in Bedford-row, and the overflowing congregations which ever greet his view, whether at home or on his missionary tours through the provinces, testify fully his powers as a minister of the gospel.



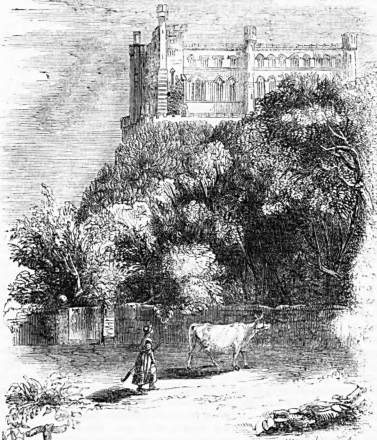
THE COMMERCIAL DOCKS.

The subject of our illustration is the first wet-dock which was made on the River Thames in or near London. The example was set by the city of Liverpool, which was then little more than a

miserable fishing village. The possession of the docks were incorporated by Act of Parliament in the year 1769, and its position gradually increased its importance; for as the vessels found a

The Castles of England.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.



HE brave castles of England! hoary records of feudal pomp and power! well have they been designated "the landmarks of our country's history." We look upon them, and the dull imagination is

roused into activity; and Romance, like the skilful wizard, conjures from the tomb of the Past a thousand breathing forms. The warder's horn, the prancing steel, the glittering mail, the sheen of spears, the shout of triumph, the yell of death, the noise of revelry, the groan of the captive—all, all are present to the eye and ear! What matters it that their walls are crumbling? We ascend the dangerous steps, and instinctively look out for the hostile leaguer! The donjon-keep is open to the beast of prey, or the gentle sheep hides there from the unkindly storm; yet we descend, and listen for the captive's sigh—the rattle of his iron bonds! Roofless is the baronial hall; yet to our mind's eye appear the mighty table groaning beneath the lavish hospitality of its lord—the burning yule—the trophies of war—the mailed revellers! We pity that man who cannot see as we see, and hear as we hear—who cannot clothe the ruined wall with a thousand feudal glories, and catch, in the breeze that sighs o'er the mouldering battlement, the song of the man-at-arms.

Loving, as we do, our ancient castles, we shall, with the permission of our friends, give a sketch of them, week after week. Begin we then with the home of the ancient "Counts of Arundel."

"Since William rose and Harold fell,
There have been Counts of Arundel."

The Castle of Arundel, in Sussex, is the principal seat of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and is remarkable for its great antiquity. It has also the privilege of conferring upon its possessor the title of Earl. The first mention of this place is in the will of Alfred the Great, who bequeathed it, with other possessions, to his nephew Athelm.

The noble castle and domain of Arundel came into the possession of the present family in the 10th century. Philip Howard, the first possessor of that name, was the issue of a marriage between a descendant of the Fitzalan family and Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk.

were flung off the shelves, and glasses danced and jingled on the side boards. All this occurred in about two minutes, and fortunately passed off without doing much damage to property. The people were dreadfully alarmed. Some of the black women dropped on their knees in the streets, and offered up prayers for their safety; whilst those who spoke Spanish cried out: "Oh, Santa Maria, misericordia, misericordia a nosotros!" "Oh, Holy Mary! pity us." Some ran to the sea-side to get into the boats, some moved about in a state of distraction, not knowing where to go, whilst others stood as if transfixed upon the spot; and one lady actually died of fright. A ball, which was to have taken place in the evening, and which promised to be a brilliant one, the officers of all the steamers of the Royal Mail Packet Company and of a Spanish man-of-war, &c., then in harbour, having been invited, was postponed in consequence. The shock (or rather vibration), came not perpendicularly, but horizontally—then a perfect calm. All business was suspended, and the frightened inhabitants hastened to return thanks to Divine Providence, at their respective places of worship, for their escape from destruction.

At St. Christopher's the shock was very severe. There was no doubt about the time of the shock's occurrence, as the clocks all stopped at half-past ten o'clock A.M. The following are the chief casualties:—Three women were washing clothes in a stream, surrounded on either side by a high ridge of rocks; the rocks were split asunder, and, tumbling down upon them, crushed them almost to pieces. Two died soon after, and the third was scarcely expected to survive. The walls of the church were so cracked, particularly in the north and south aisles, that it is dangerous to approach them, and some of the monuments on the walls are broken, and the goal so shattered that the prisoners had to be removed. The Female Benevolent Institution was much damaged. The stores of Messrs. Matthews were entirely destroyed. Scarcely a stone or brick building has escaped without damage. It was stated, as a singular coincidence, that exactly that day ten years, in the evening, a similar shock had been felt, though not quite so severe. A committee was appointed to take the whole matter into consideration and devise the best means that could be adopted under the circumstances. The loss of property was estimated to be above £100,000 sterling, but this was mere conjecture, as no accurate investigation had yet taken place.

Nevis suffered severely. The shock was felt at the same minute as in St. Kitt's and St. Thomas's, and the clocks stopped at the same time. The force of the shock seemed to have been expended in a direction from south-west to north-east, and was supposed to have destroyed property to the amount of from £40,000 to £50,000 sterling, but fortunately no lives were lost.

Melancholy and disastrous as the consequences were at the other islands, they were but as dust in the balance when compared with the ravages it had inflicted upon Antigua. The shock was felt about the same time as in the other islands, and is reported to have been of the most terrific nature. The earth heaved and undulated like the waves of the sea; rocks were riven in pieces; the top of Monk's-hill and some others came tumbling down their sides, stripping them of their verdure, and leaving behind a track barren as a road; houses and buildings of every kind were rocked to and fro like cradles, and men reeled and staggered in the streets and fields as if intoxicated, or standing upon the deck of a rolling vessel. The scene in the town of St. John's baffles all description: houses levelled with the ground, clouds of dust ascending from them and thickening the atmosphere, the crash of falling walls, the breaking of glass and crockery, the smashing of floors and furniture of all kinds—men, women, and children rushing from their houses screaming and shrieking, and the groans of the dying commingling with the low rumbling noise of the earthquake itself, altogether presented a scene of terror and alarm which language fails to portray, and the mind almost shrinks to contemplate. Five minutes before and the sun poured down his fervid flood of light o'er a scene of quiet industry and placid beauty; now he shone o'er one of wreck and ruin, devastation and death. No wonder that the people in general, even after all danger had passed over, were so bewildered and stupefied, that they were for a time almost bereaved of their senses; whilst those whose houses had been destroyed, and the mangled bodies of whose friends lay smothered beneath them, wandered about in an agonising and morbid state of distraction, not knowing how to assuage their grief, or where to hide their heads. It was preceded by a rise of the tide of above four feet, and lasted about two or three minutes. Eight lives have been lost. There is scarcely a mill left standing in the whole island but three or four; nor a set of sugarworks, but is either destroyed or so damaged, that they are rendered useless for the present. Every church and chapel either laid prostrate or so damaged that it is dangerous to approach or enter them, except the Moravian Chapel, which was a wooden one; and on the Sunday succeeding the Archdeacon had to perform divine service in a tent pitched in front of Government-house. The old cathedral, which had stood the brunt of time for 150 years, has had the roof so twisted upon the walls, and is otherwise so injured, that it threatens to fall. The Methodist chapel recently built, which cost £8,000 sterling, and was adapted to contain 2,500 people, is rent in pieces. The Tower, Court-house, Public Arsenal, Police-office, Lunatic Asylum, Gaol, Barracks, Custom-house, and, indeed, every public building in the island, except, I believe, Government-house, have sustained serious damage. In fact, it may be summed up by stating, that every house or building composed of masonry-work has suffered more or less, whilst those of wood have received little or no injury.

At English Harbour the damage done is immense, and the barracks upon Shirley height are so much injured, that the soldiers have been obliged to evacuate them and encamp in tents upon the hill side.

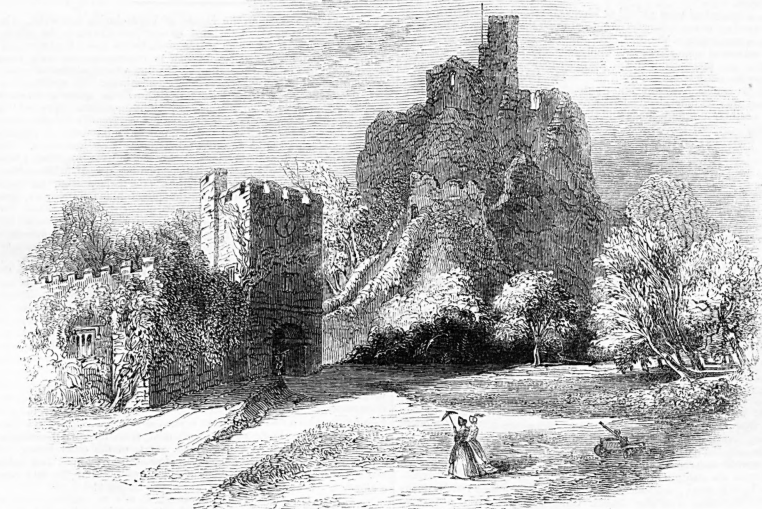
The little town of Falmouth has also suffered severely; the church and school-house are a mass of ruins, and every stone or brick building was damaged more or less.

Soon after the shock at Antigua, the governor despatched the man-of-war schooner *Griffin* to Montserrat to obtain intelligence of the event there. This island had also sustained considerable damage. Five lives had been lost, and considerable loss of property had taken place.

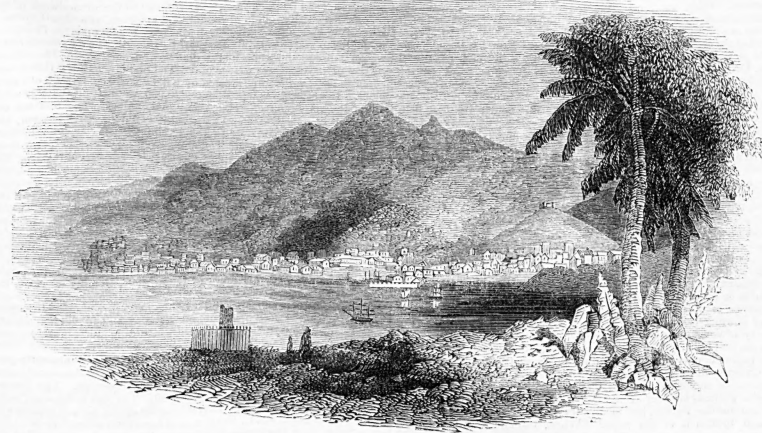
No accurate intelligence had arrived respecting Guadeloupe when we left, but the captain of a merchant vessel reported that he was sailing near the coast at the time, and saw clouds of dust and smoke, &c. ascend from it; that he could discern the people running out of their houses and dropping on their knees; and that the deck of his vessel was so covered with dust or ashes that he could write his name with his finger upon it.

From Dominica, Martinique, or St. Lucia, nothing had been heard, though it is to be feared they also have suffered, especially Dominica, from its proximity to the apparent centre of the commotion in the earth, which was supposed to have been about Guadeloupe or Antigua; because intelligence had been received from Barbadoes and St. Vincent's, which stated that in both those islands the shock had been felt smartly, but no damage had been done. It is rational, therefore, to suppose that the chief force has been expended about the centre of the chain of islands, and that it became less powerful as it diverged north and south.

CHESS PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.—At Munich, a game of chess was played, the courtiers acting as men. Pawns, knights, bishops, &c., then danced a quadrille.



THE EARTHQUAKE AT BERMUDA.



[View of St. Thomas's.]

The royal mail steam-packet *Forth*, Commander Fayer, from St. Thomas's, which place she left on Thursday last, arrived at Bermuda on Feb. 14th, brought the first accounts of this tremendous visitation. The first shock took place on the 8th of February, at thirty minutes after ten o'clock A.M. A confused hissing sound

was heard, and then the earth began to tremble violently. Everything was on the move, the glass windows in the houses rattling, and the plaster falling off. Doors and window shutters swung upon their hinges, pots, pans, and tins, suspended from the ceiling of the shops and stores, played tunes upon each other, bottles

a pilot off Belfast. Wednesday, papers from America and Canada have been received. The intelligence from New York is to the 10th of February. It appears that the national finances are in an unusually bad condition. The President (Mr. Tyler) had addressed a message to Congress, stating that even with the authority to issue Treasury notes, the Government would be unable to pay its expenses for the next fiscal year, and calling upon the House to make provision for the public service; this will cause an extra session to be held. The President does not state in what manner this may be done, further than the suggestion that "the proper objects of taxation are peculiarly within the discretion of the Legislature."¹ The message was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

AMERICA.—The packet-ship *George Washington*, Captain Burrows, which sailed from New York on the 7th ult., arrived at Liverpool on Sunday. The papers received by her are nine days later from that city than those which might have been received. The only proceeding in Congress interesting to the English was the bill for Oregon. The Oregon Territory bill in the Senate. It had given rise to long and animated debates. Mr. Linn, with whom the bill originated, and those who were in opposition to it, were the only speakers. The feeling of anxiety was manifested at Washington in regard to the subject of a message which the President had transmitted to the House of Representatives under the seal of confidence. The papers were from the War Department, and the subject was the removal of the garrison of Fort Mifflin, which would report whether it was expedient to make it public or not. The reports of the state of the money and stock markets present no feature of interest. The depressed condition of trade and commerce preventing capitalists from employing their funds in the purchase of stocks, and the general feeling of depression among the business men. A brick demand had, in consequence, sprung up for United States' stock, Treasury notes, and New York State stocks. The news from Canada reaches to the 1st ult. The last bulletin issued by the Secretary of War, dated the 27th ult., was that the health of the Governor-General's health has, during the last few days, undergone improvement, which would doubtless have been more decided had he altogether refrained from public business. The rumours of the defeat of the army of Texas, and the force at Mier are fully confirmed by the account from Texas.

The weather, in both Canada and the States, was very severe.

L'ENVOL.

they would perform all that the Whigs were pledged to execute. The Whigs, however, were not so easily satisfied, and they had plausible grounds for their declaration that the Whigs, in their dealings with and for the People, had merely "kept the word of promise to their ear and broken it to the hope." When, through the obstructions thrown in its way by the Lords, the first Reform Bill came to a violent end, Lord Grey did his duty, as a man of independent spirit and a Minister of high principle, by immediately resigning office. The result was that, after an ineffectual effort to form a Tory Cabinet, the Sovereign was obliged to recall his Minister, giving him a *carte blanche* as to the creation of new Peers. The result was that the Whigs were enabled to carry out the Reform Bill, and the difficulties which the aristocracy had thrown in the way of Reform. Every one who recognizes the truth of the aphorism, that "History is Philosophy teaching by Experience" must acknowledge that, had Lord

On Tuesday, Dr. NICHOL and Sir JAMES GRAHAM mutually gave Mr. B. FERROT the comfortable assurance that the Republic "classical course" would be pursued as speedily as possible. The Doctor was very good-natured, and said, "The Bill is his—*for*, as we have audaciously taken the liberty of hinting above, *his* will probably be the principal gain, Mr.-C." He then asked me, "Is your courtier-like habit of mind so general?" I replied, "I can't say," which question he took ill, and in the temper of the expectant-Judge, by asking whether he had not put off the second reading of the Bill to a period when all the legat members were absent, and he thought it best to postpone the bill, thus bringing it on when nobody would be present to oppose it, quelled the Doctor's solemn indignation at this intended could have been equally equalled by the gravity with which Liston used to perform *Othello*. His temper, as we have seen, was not without its faults; but he was a man of a strong ground-swell,—and he could scarcely get out an indignant denial as

By the New York packet-ship *United States*, which was boarded by

SECOND EDITION.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY TIMES OFFICE,
Saturday Afternoon.CHARGE OF THREATENING TO KILL THE QUEEN
AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Yesterday, the Mansion-house and the avenues to it were crowded with persons anxious to hear the evidence in the case of a Scotchman, who stated his name to be *James Stevenson*, and who was brought before the Lord Mayor by Major Shaw, the superintendent of the City police, on the charge of having threatened to shoot her Majesty and Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Maule, the solicitor to the Treasury, attended upon the part of the Government.

The prisoner's appearance at the bar, when the Lord Mayor desired that the investigation should be commenced, was in a manner not for a moment to be doubted, that the unfortunate man was insane; and the statements made by himself, and the witnesses who were examined, showed that his madness was of a very dangerous kind. There was a wildness in his countenance which could be attributed to nothing but the absence of reason, and his face was disfigured by a bushy red beard, of considerable length. He was dressed in a shabby dark coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and he spoke in such broad Scotch, that very few understood his answers, particularly when he quoted Scripture, which had, he gave every one to understand, been his particular study.

His statement was that his name was *James Stevenson*; his usual residence was in Belleries, in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland. His age was thirty-two, his occupation that of a weaver; he had been occasionally employed during the last three years, but had chiefly been engaged in studying the Bible and Greek Testament, and had lived upon £30, which he had previously saved. He had lived with his father, and was a Cameronian. He had started from Paisley with a gun, and his object in visiting London was to see Sir Robert Peel about the Union, and the rights of Scotland, "that the Union might be broken, as Sir Robert Peel is bound to break the Union, and so is every man bound by Act of Parliament, and by conscience and religion. We are all bound by our oaths, and it must be done. He meant the country to be free from false oaths." He meant to live on very little while in London, and to return home, if he had not in coming hither failed. He would have called at Sir R. Peel's house to see him, to tell him about his error, and to say the mischiefs that arose from the state of the Kirk.

The Lord Mayor: If you did not see him when you called, for he is so large that you cannot see every body, what would you have done?

Prisoner: Egad, I would have done nothing. I would have gone back again.

The Lord Mayor: Had you any wish to see the Queen?—Prisoner: I do not care about seeing her; but I should wish to see whether she would break the Union, and whether she would be the cause of religion over the people who is not a head and shoulders above them; and the Queen is sworn to be subject to her husband. Religion states that the woman is bound to obey the husband; and she is therefore unfit to hold the reins of government. It is not proper or just that she should.

In answering the questions put to him, the prisoner did not hesitate in the slightest degree, but seemed disposed to talk incessantly. His mind appeared to be strongly fixed up to the Kirk of Scotland, and what he evidently considered to be the wrongs of that establishment.

He then, in answer to a question from the Lord Mayor, was then asked and sworn. He came with Captain Hare in the *Gaselle* steam vessel from Hull. I recollect the prisoner. He looked him at Hull. He asked me what was the fare, and I told him 7s. He asked me whether I could not take him, as he was short of money, and I told him that I was merely a servant of the establishment. He said to me that he was coming to see the Queen, and that it was quite improper that the Queen should reign, as no woman had a right to be the ruler of a nation. He said that the Queen must be destroyed, and that the union must be destroyed.

Prisoner: I said she should be destroyed if she refused to resign the office she held.

Witness: He said he wished to see Sir Robert Peel personally, to do some business with him; and if Sir Robert would not answer the questions, he must be destroyed.

The Lord Mayor: What do you say to that, Mr. Stevenson?—Prisoner: I say, that unless every Minister performs his oath, by which he is bound to put aside popery and heresy, and prelate, and to do justice, he ought to be destroyed. I, and everybody else in the country, are bound to keep our oaths. Witness: I heard some other conversation in the cabin of the vessel. Somebody asked the prisoner how he would destroy Sir Robert Peel, as he had no money? "I said the prisoner, 'I should soon have the means to procure pistols.'"

Prisoner: I never intended to get pistols. No, I never intended anything, but to return to Scotland.

Witness: He seemed determined that something should be done, and he desired that the Queen should not reign.

Mr. John Hurst, the captain of the steam vessel, said, I was present when the prisoner came on board. During the passage he was going on to see Sir Robert Peel and the Queen. He said he had written two letters to Sir Robert Peel. He stated that there were plenty of people who would show him Sir Robert Peel, and that he would finish both the Queen and Sir Robert Peel. The Lord Mayor: Do you hear what this witness says, Mr. Stevenson? Prisoner: I never said I'd finish them. I don't think I did; but I said I'd strike at the root of the tree if I should catch a Minister of the kingdom who would not do as he was bound to do.

Mr. Maule here suggested the propriety of remanding the prisoner, in order that medical men might have the opportunity of examining him, to ascertain whether his state of mind came under the Act of Parliament, and showed that he could not be at large without the supervision of the police.

The Lord Mayor concurred, and asked whether Major Shaw had not found some documents of a singular character in the possession of the prisoner? Degree addities to the evidence, in the prisoner's trial, when he read, after the prisoner was ordered to be committed to the Compter.

The unfortunate creature was then removed from the bar, and he accompanied the police without a murmur to the Compter, where he was comfortably lodged in the infirmary.

On the arrival of the prisoner at the Compter he was examined by Mr. McNardo, who has given it as his opinion that he is not insane.

THE PROVINCES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MANCHESTER, Friday. The adjournment of the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League to London, in order to awaken and organise the Metropolis in the great struggle for Free Trade, has caused a temporary lull in the agitation of the question here. The men of Manchester, however, see with delight the growing enthusiasm of the metropolis, and with willing yield to the capital of the empire the proud distinction of being the source and centre of the agitation against the iniquitous Bread Tax.

The great topic of interest during the past week has been the Chartist trial at Lancaster, before Mr. Baron Rolfe, which has occupied the Court for eight days. The question for the consideration of the Attorney-General for the calmness and moderation with which he has conducted the case against Mr. O'Connor and his fifty-eight brother Chartists. The summing up of the learned Judge has given the greatest satisfaction, for its mildness and impartiality. Altogether, the trial will have the best upon these counts, and is generally understood to be tantamount to an acquittal. The learned judge did not himself express an opinion upon the point; but he remarked, in the course of the trial, that very high legal authorities differed as to the legality of a voluntary agreement to cease from labour until certain specified political changes took place. The question for the consideration of the Court was, then, this:—A voluntary strike having taken place, were the defendants justified in recommending that such strike be continued until the Charter became the law of the land? The importance of this question of constitutional law can hardly be overrated.

It is no secret here that when the Chartist "national cessation from labour" in August last failed, through the want of organisation

and funds, the prime movers in it resolved to renew the strike for the Charter, whenever it could be done with any chance of success. They would quietly "hide their time," they said. Now, if the Court of Queen's Bench decide any agreement to cease from labour for political objects illegal, such a decision cuts at the root of all future Chartist strikes.

It is only fair to the defendants arraigned at Lancaster to state that their speeches in their own defence were, for the most part, couched in a manly and eloquent strain, which carried with them the sympathies of their auditory. Many persons, who went into court prejudiced against the defendants, have confessed that their statements of the wrongs and grievances of the working classes have done much to change their opinions, and to raise the Chartists in public estimation. One of the most argumentative speeches was that of James Leach, who declared that the true cause of the outbreaks of last autumn was the pressure of intense distress, and the prospects before the operatives of gradual but certain starvation. To men whose sufferings and whose despair were so vivid, much must be forgiven. The people of Manchester, and the neighbouring towns, remember with gratitude, that although property of immense value was unprotected, and in the power of the populace, a few broken windows constituted the whole of the damage done. Against such men and their leaders the law ought not to be construed harshly and in a revengeful spirit. Chartism cannot be put down by judicial severity. If the Legislature wish to take the sting out of Chartist discontent, they must cease to renege the working man's election. Let them abolish the Corn Laws, which deprive our operative population of employment, and the sound of the loom and the shuttle will be again heard in our populous districts. As it is, our prospects of a revival of trade are extremely gloomy. The operatives of Manchester and the neighbouring towns are, at this moment, suffering great privations, and no one knows how soon another outbreak may testify that the powers of endurance of the people have fairly given way.

CHARTISTS' TRIALS.

These trials concluded at Lancaster on Thursday evening, having occupied eight days. Mr. Baron Rolfe's summing up occupied nine hours, six of which were employed in reading his notes of evidence. His charge was remarkably impartial.

About six o'clock his lordship finally concluded, when the jury retired. After an absence from court of about half-an-hour, they returned into court, and returned their verdict. The names of the prisoners were arranged in alphabetical order, with the verdict attached to each name.

The following is a list of the prisoners convicted:—

Atkin, William, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Arthur, James (alias "Arthurs"), "Guilty on the 4th count."
Aran, John, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Bairstow, Jonathan, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Brooke, Robert, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Brosley, William, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Campbell, John, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Cooper, Thomas, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Challenger, Alexander (alias "Rags"), "Guilty on the 5th count."
Coades, George, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Durham, John, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Doyle, Charles, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Fenton, James, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Harney George Julian, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Hill, William, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Hoyle, John, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Leach, James, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Leach, John, "Guilty on the 4th count."
McDonald, Peter Murray, "Guilty on the 4th count."
McCartney, Bernard, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Mooney, James, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Morrison, David, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Norman, John, "Guilty on the 5th count."
O'Connor, Feargus, "Guilty on the 5th count."
O'Leary, Richard, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Parker, Samuel, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Rallion, Thomas, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Samson, Robert, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Skevington, James, "Guilty on the 5th count."
Taylor, Frederick Augustus, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Woodruff, William, "Guilty on the 4th count."
Patrick Droghda, William Booth, Joseph Clarke, James Chippendale, John Crossley, John Fletcher, Thomas Fraser, James Grashy, John Lomax, Robert Lees, John Lewis, John Massey, Thomas Martin, Richard Pilling, David Ross, Thomas Scholefield, Thomas Brooke-Smith, William Stephenson, Thomas Storah, James Taylor, and Albert Wolfenden, were acquitted.

The following defendants had been previously acquitted by consent:—John Doyle, Charles Doyle, George Johnson, Thomas Pitt, William Scholefield, John Thornton, and John Wilde.

The Judge presumed the jury meant to say that those guilty on the fifth count would be guilty on the fifth count, and that those guilty on the fourth would be guilty on the fifth also.

The foreman replied in the affirmative.

It was understood that the defendants would be called up for judgment, in London, in next term.

The fourth count of the indictment charges the defendants with aiding and assisting the persons engaged in tumultuous meetings, with a view to producing a change in the laws and constitution of the country. The fifth charged the defendants with endeavouring to persuade people to leave their employments, and desert from their masters, with a view to produce a change in the laws. It differed from the others, inasmuch as it imputed no violation of the law, unless the mere persuasion to people to abstain from labour, with the view alleged, was itself a violation.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the performance of the French plays with their presence yesterday evening.

The Earl of Ripon is recovering gradually from his recent illness.

ALLEGED MURDER IN THE MINORIES.—Yesterday morning, the inhabitants residing in the vicinity of the Minories and Rosemary-lane, were thrown into a state of great excitement, in consequence of its having been reported that a female had been murdered at the Blue Bear public-house, in Rosemary-lane, Minories, and, on instituting inquiries, it was found that the report was too well founded. The following particulars relative to this shocking affair will be found to be substantially correct: It appears that the unfortunate victim, named Elizabeth Fegge, was a married woman, but her husband some years since went to America, leaving her and her son in a most destitute condition. During the past twelve months, however, she has cohabited with a journeyman carpenter, named George Clark, both living in a very dissipated manner. Shortly after seven o'clock they both entered the above house, when the female called for half a pint of porter, at the same time accusing her paramour of having stolen from her pocket a four-penny piece and some halfpence. This charge he flatly denied, and, it having been repeated, he suddenly hit her a violent blow on the chest, and ran on the left temple, which knocked her down. She lay for some time in an insensible state, and it was thought she was in a fit; and not recovering, a Mr. Ballam, a surgeon, of Jewry-street, Aldgate, was sent for, but before he arrived the unfortunate woman had breathed her last. Clark was then taken into custody, and brought before the Lord Mayor, in the Mansion-house, yesterday morning, by whom he was remanded until the decision of the coroner's inquest had been announced, which inquiry will take place this day.

LONDON TRADE REPORT.

SUGAR.—The trade have bought this week about 2,000 hales and tierces, and prices are 1s 2s to 2s 2s. This is chiefly owing to the disastrous news received from the West Indies. The refined market has also improved, 1s per cwt, and estimates of the quantity of sugar which cannot be bought under 75s per cwt; the oldest cruises are held at 25s per cwt, 1,000 bags Bengal in bond, and 400 bags duty paid, were offered at public sale, and sold very well; middling to good white, 55s 6d to 56s; middling to good white, 55s to 56s per cwt; 1,750 boxes and 500 hales harvested 50s 6d to 51s; ordinary to good yellow, 21s to 23s; low to good brown, 20s to 21s.

MOSSSES.—There is a better feeling in this market, and rather higher prices are paid.

RUM must be quoted 1d. per gallon higher, especially Leewards. The discount from the West India has affected this market materially.

COFFEE.—There were not any public sales of any note to-day. The market is a little firmer, and good ordinary coffee is now selling at 50s per cwt. The market for Java coffee is very flat; about 50,000 packages are advertised for sale on the 14th inst.

CORRO.—The purchases of the week amount to 1,200 hales Surat, at 34d to 34d 1/2; and 500 hales Madras, at 34d to 34d 1/2. The market is a shade firmer.

implied charge; he concluded, however, by a distinct assurance that he would not defer the second reading, that the legal Gentlemen should attend. Mr. BULLER gave him the pleasant assurance that he should, upon that ground, try every possible way to get the second reading put off again. Mr. BULLER is very likely to keep his word.—Sir James GRAHAM deprecated any legislation, at present, on the subject of *monomania*. His colleague, Lord LYNDHURST, assured the Lords that Government did think of such legislation. Which is correct?—Mr. FOX MAULE made a long speech in favour of the Non-intrusionists or "Wild party" of the Scottish Church, preliminary to a motion for the appointment of a Committee upon the petition of the petitioners to the General Assembly of that Church. Sir James GRAHAM stated, on the part of Government, that the demands of the said Non-intrusionists, who claim for their Church supremacy over the law of the land, shall not be complied with. The question is much too important and complicated for us to enter into now, but it has been disposed of for the present; for on the following night (Wednesday), Mr. FOX MAULE's motion was negatived by 211 to 76.—Sir James GRAHAM brought in a Bill, which is to be read a second time on Tuesday, the 21st inst., for regulating the employment of children and young persons in factories, and for the better education of children in factory districts. This measure is confessedly founded on the report of the Committee which sat in 1840. It purports to reduce (for children of from 8 to 13 years) the hours of labour from 8 to 6 1/2 hours a day,—which hours are to be longer in the forenoon or afternoon, and not more in one and partly in the other. Females of the ages of 13 and 21 are not to have more than 12 hours labour a day, and 9 hours on Saturday—making the week's work last 69 hours. Two sets of children, it is clear, will have to be employed, which will increase the calls for education; which is to be afforded, at Government Schools, for more than 3d a week for each child.

On Wednesday, Sir James GRAHAM stated, in reply to a question from Mr. FRIDBERN—We beg pardon, from Mr. FRIDBERN—that a tread-mill, of the same kind and that at Wakefield House of Correction, had not been erected in Halifax workhouse—that he should deprecate the erection of a tread-mill in any prison, and that, if the guardians of Halifax or elsewhere should intend to do so, he was sure that the Poor Law Commissioners would unite with him in the exertion of all his influence to prevent its being carried into effect. The Home Secretary could not say less.—Mr. HURRY's Bill for the Naturalization of Foreigners, was read a second time, and that, if the guardians of the country on the ground that aliens did not suffer any practical inconvenience from the present system, and that he thought, with the public, that it would be impolitic to render foreigners eligible to seats in Parliament—he was "for British subjects being the legislators of British laws—a very patriotic sentiment, no doubt, but otherwise, if not unbecomingly in its dictation. The second reading of the Bill, proposed by Government, was appointed to take place "on that day six months," which is the Parliamentary mode of putting an extinguisher on it for the Session.—The discussion on the Scotch Church question occupied the House until 10 o'clock. We mention the hour, with a view of conveying to the people of Mr. BROTHROTH's. His almost nightly habit of moving the adjournment of the House at 12, amused, if it did not reform.

On Thursday evening, both Houses were occupied with discussions on the policy and conduct of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, as Governor-General of India. His lordship's bombastic, ill-considered, and rather anti-Christian proclamation relative to the restoration of the gates of the Somnath, was the subject on which the Marquis of CLANRICARDE and Mr. VILLIERS SMITH respectively moved resolutions to the effect that Parliament consider that the conduct of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, in refusing the general order of the 16th of November, 1842, and in dressing the letter of the same date, was a view of contempt to the people of India, respecting the restoration of the gates of a temple to Somnath, is unwise, indecorous, and reprehensible. The supporters of such motions contended that the proclamation was calculated to mislead the inhabitants of India as to the intentions of the British Government, and to excite religious dissensions amongst the various sects of our dominion in India. The Duke of WELLINGTON, with more gallantry than judgment, defended his absent friend, declaring that of all other men who ever had the honour of serving her Majesty abroad, he regarded the individual in question as the most deserving. He contended that the proclamation was in fact little more than a song of triumph, which pointed out that the gates of Somnath should be brought away as the just trophy of the British arms, and with respect to the encouragement given by the proclamation to idolatry, he had only to observe that the place to which the gates belonged never had been a heathen temple, and whatever it had been in ancient times, the sect which in those days had occupied that district, whatever that sect might have been, had long since passed away. It was absurd therefore to contend that the proclamation was calculated to excite religious dissensions to idolatry. His Grace's opinions were echoed by Lords COLCHESTER, FITZGERALD, and BROTHAM (!!!) (the last-named noble and learned Lord "going the entire animal" (as brother Jonathan would say) in defence of Lord ELLENBOROUGH. We are tempted to ask, seeing the conduct of the Marquis of Clanricarde, in identifying himself with the Preet party, whether it be true that he is to receive the *quid pro quo* in the shape of an appointment as Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, when Lord ABINGER resigns?—Lords AUCKLAND, CLANRICARDE, and LANDOWNE, supported the motion, which was negatived by 83 to 25. Of the four Bishops present at the debate, three spoke. The Bishop of Norwich honestly declared that the temple of Somnath was dedicated to Seva, the most cruel of the Hindoo deities, and he feared the restoration of the gates of the temple would throw difficulties in the way of the spread of Christianity. Upon Christian principles, therefore, and in the name of the Christian religion, he felt bound to vote for the motion of the noble marquis. The Bishops of LONDON and CHERESTER opposed the motion!

In the Commons, the indirect conduct of Lord ELLENBOROUGH was debated at great length and with much spirit. The discussion, which closed at two in the morning, terminated in the rejection of the vote censured, by a majority of 85, in a House of 339 members. Mr. MACAULAY, Mr. MANLEY, Mr. HUME, Sir G. GREY, Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord J. RUSSELL were the speakers in support of the motion; it was opposed by Mr. E. TENNENT, Mr. HOGG, Mr. ESCOTT, Mr. C. WYNN, Lord STANLEY, and Sir ROBERT PEEL. The speeches of the night were those of Mr. MACAULAY, and Lord STANLEY. The former seldom, if ever, exhibited more indignant eloquence than upon this occasion. His brilliant and sarcastic animadversions on the policy of "a tame elephant" ELLENBOROUGH, told in the House, as they must upon the public, with great effect. Lord St. Stanley's defence of his friend was peculiar; it admitted, in effect, that his proclamation was absurd, and merely declared that it would be gross ingratitude to condemn a man who had rendered such essential services to his country, because of the style and composition of a particular document. The House, however, was not disposed to receive such excuses, and the debate was calculated to create the embarrassments which these debates have been calculated to create. Even Mr. Peel admitted that Lord ELLENBOROUGH had acted unwisely, saying that the gates of Somnath might have been very properly carried off as a trophy to reconcile the Hindoos to their retirement from Afghanistan, and although the language was not ungrateful for that, it might have been more so, if it would not have repaired the greatest disaster which had ever befallen the British arms. Thus the Government itself join in condemning the Governor-General of India,—yet, 242 honourable Members "voted against the resolutions, the only, the name "Lower House" is not inapplicable to the Commons!

In the House of Lords, last night (Friday), the sitting was brief, the business being confined to the presentation of a few petitions. The Commons had "no house."

ASHBURNTON ELECTION.—On Tuesday, the election for this borough, in the room of the late Mr. Ashburnton took place. Two candidates were proposed, viz., Mr. Matheson (Whig-Radical), and Mr. Horsley Palmer (Conservative). The show of hands was declared in favour of the latter gentleman, when a poll was demanded on the part of Mr. Matheson. At the close of the poll on Wednesday, the following was the result:—For Mr. Matheson (Whig), 141; for Mr. Horsley Palmer (Conservative), 96; majority, 45.



GERMAN DECORATIVE ART.

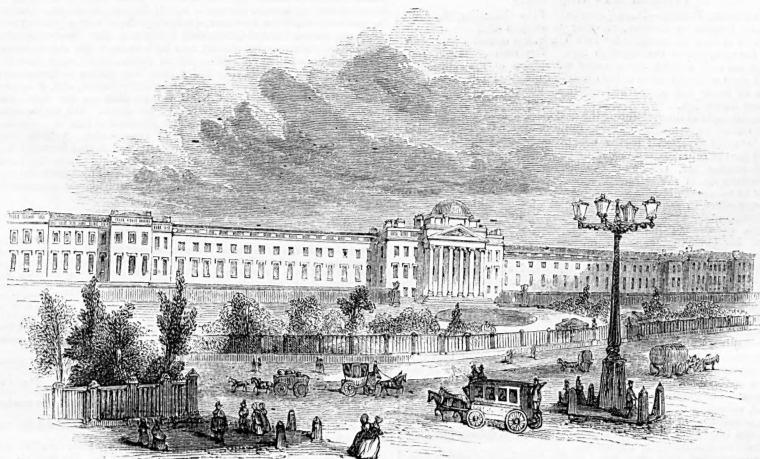
While we may reasonably feel some difficulty in yielding to the German claims of supremacy in high art, which have so frequently been advanced, none can be felt in owing to what an influence of beauty, and power of pen and pencil they throw themselves into the task of decoration; and we must own that this is the result of the more general and thorough education which is generally received by the German artist. He is less accustomed to depend upon the inspiration of the idea, and is more careful in the working

it out. We shall doubtless find many to dissent from this; for it is on the score of his pure idealism that we have hitherto been accustomed to hear the German artist ranked above the English and French designers. But in truth this idealism is simply and solely the result of a perfect knowledge of, and mastery over, individual forms,—not minute anatomical knowledge, but a comparative and universal knowledge of comparative form. To this various acquaintance with Nature alone can be attributed the abundant and

lavish play of form and subject which characterise the ornamental margin of the accompanying cut, which we are enabled to present our readers with, by the kindness of Mr. Herring, the proprietor of the work from which it has been taken. Every portion bears the mark of Nature about it,—grotesque in its character and arrangement, but still natural in each minute passage of its singularly fanciful outline. We have been thus explicit in our analysis of the principle upon which German decorative art is based, that we may destroy, in some measure, the idea that it is to its purer and more fanciful genius it is indebted for its excellence. This is alone based upon its more extensive and various acquaintance with Nature by education. The German artist is also more thoroughly acquainted with the necessities of making each component part of his decorative style carry out, in a thorough and efficient manner, the thought which is expressed in the leading portion of the engraving. Thus, the children blowing bubbles, or throwing down the house of cards, in the marginal decoration of the accompanying plate, assist in carrying out the idea expressed by the principal figure and the overturned pitcher of milk whose fragments strew the earth near; while the fowl, and the clipped and hatching eggs, and scattered money, with the dim and visionary cattle flitting away in the background, combine in carrying out the general expression of the plate.

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

The addition to the natural interest which must be excited in all who feel for those who are exposed to that most fearful of diseases, mental aberration, by the subject of the illustration to which these lines are annexed, it will at present derive additional interest from the knowledge of the fact that, in all probability, the life of the murderer of Mr. Drummond will be terminated within its walls. By the merciful construction of his judges he will be saved from an expiatory and immediate death, and will have, in the solitude of his cell, ample time to meditate upon the crime which, sane or insane, he has been guilty of. We have, at present, no space to enter into a detailed description of this great national establishment, but shall return to it when we can spare more time for the examination, and possibly for the illustration of its internal arrangements.





ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Babe of our love, around thine infant brow
Wreath the dim chasings of thy future crown,
As the quick fancy spins the childish "now,"
And from the cradle shapeth out the throne.
A people's loyalty and passion girl
That gentle frame with love and joy and fear.
The groaning murmur and the chiding word
Hush ere they reach that palace-circled ear.
Thy day is soothed, thy night is stilled and blest
By ignorance and age—the time may be
When the gemmed fillet and the regal vest
May yield no joy so full, no sleep so free;
For years write sorrows on the human mind,
And crowns have thorns to pierce the brows they bind.

CLAREMONT.

The name of Claremont can scarcely be mentioned without a sigh, or seen without a tear. So associated has it become with the death of one of England's most amiable and illustrious daughters, that the recollection of the lamented Princess Charlotte is foremost in our mind when that name is uttered. The cypress and the yew now wave their shadowy branches over the stately halls of Claremont, and despite the natural beauty of its situation, there is a gloom surrounding it which seems to particularly unfit the spot for the residence of Royalty. Notwithstanding this, however, Her Majesty and Prince Albert have for some time past honoured Claremont with their presence, and under their surveillance several alterations and improvements, tending either to increase the magnificence or improve the comforts of the building, are in progress.



Claremont is in the parish of Esher, Surrey, about five miles from Kingston and seventeen from London, affording easy access by the railway. Here Sir John Vanbrugh, the poet-architect, whose heaviness of architecture was but barely compensated by the lightness of his dramatic productions, built a house for his own habitation, which, with a singular deficiency of taste, he placed in the lower ground where there was, no advantage of prospect. Of Sir

John it was purchased by Thomas Holles Pelham, Earl of Clare, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, who made it his residence, and introduced various alterations in the building. First, a magnificent and sumptuously-decorated apartment was erected for the entertainment of large parties when he was in administration; then the grounds were increased by further purchases to the extent of 2,000 acres; and Kent, the renowned landscape-gardener, was em-

ployed to adorn the park, one of his designs being a small lake, edged by a winding bank with scattered trees along the verge. Horace Walpole, when he heard of it, said "that the prospects more than aided the painter's genius; they marked out the spots where his art was necessary or not, but thence left his judgment in full possession of all its glory." The Duke, determining to rectify the original mistake, as far as possible, erected a building in the shape of a castle on a mount in the park, and gave it his own appellation of Clare-mount, by which title it has been distinguished ever since. Garth, who was one of the Duke's visitors, wrote a long and very dull poem, called "Claremont," in praise of its beauties, but the poetry certainly wanted the picturesque charms of the original. When the Duke died, Lord Clive, the conqueror of India, purchased the building and estate, and, when setting out on his last voyage, gave directions to Browne—so famous afterwards as "Capability Browne," for his taste in laying out grounds—to pull down the old mansion and erect another, which was to be done without limitation of expense. He performed this task, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds, much to the satisfaction of his lordship. The mansion forms now an oblong square of forty-four yards by thirty-four; on the ground floor are eight spacious rooms, besides the entrance hall and the grand staircase. In the principal front a flight of thirteen steps lead to the grand entrance, under a pediment supported by Corinthian columns. The situation is most judiciously chosen in this new locality, each of the four fronts commanding fine views. After Lord Clive's decease, it passed through the hands of Viscount Galway, the Earl of Tyrconnel, and Charles Rose Ellis, Esq., who occupied it till purchased by Government in 1816, for the country residence of the Princess Charlotte, and her consort Prince Leopold. Under the influence of her Majesty's taste and judgment, Claremont seems likely to contest the honour of being a Royal residence with its more antique rival Windsor, Prince Albert having, it is said, confessed for it a decided preference.

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.



There are few men who have more suddenly started into importance than the subject of our sketch. Mr. Cobden, from a comparatively quiet and unobtrusive life, has almost instantaneously become one of the most remarkable men of the present day. He was born in 1802, at Dunford farm-house, near the secluded village of Hashtot, in Sussex. His grandfather was a maltster at Medhurst, where several members of his family formerly resided, and realised a large sum in trade. The peace of 1814, tending to lower the prices of agricultural produce, ruined his father, and Richard, his second son, came upon the stage of life at a period when his progenitor's financial resources were strained in no small degree. The education of his son being, therefore, in a great measure neglected, Mr. Cobden may, to a great extent, claim the merit of being a self-taught man, for coming up to London, a raw country lad, at the green age of 15, he was compelled to seek employment from an uncle of his, one Cole, of the firm of Cole and Partridge, Manchester warehousemen. Here Mr. Cobden continued, and no greater praise can be awarded to him than the knowledge that the firm soon became Sheriff, Cobden, and Gillett, the two former partners having previously retired. Under these influences the firm soon acquired a most extensive reputation, and it was owing to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Cobden himself that Mr. Sheriff retired with ample fortune, and the subject of our sketch removed to Chorley, where, with his brother, he has since conducted a very extensive trade in the printing of cotton goods. Mr. Cobden's talents have, however, not been confined to merely mercantile speculations; he has given literature its due share of attention, and, as the writer of "England, Ireland, and America," we are compelled to award him no small credit as an author. This work and a succeeding one called "Russia," have run through several editions, and abound in original remarks forcibly expressed. In the general election of 1841, he was chosen M.P. for Stockport, and as such he has since continued, with honour to himself and credit to his constituents. His age then was only thirty-nine; twenty-five years before he was a country lad; without money, distinction, education, or promise, yet in that single session he became at once the leader of a great party in the House of Commons—the Anti-Corn-Law party, whose elaborate machinery he has, single-handed, so skillfully and ably directed. Mr. Cobden's style of eloquence is nervous and full of vigour. He speaks upon a subject—and with that subject he seems fully acquainted in all its bearings. His facts are invariably adduced from good, solid reading, and his arguments are based upon the surest foundations of good sense. Mr. Cobden has gained distinction and approbation in his career as a political speaker, and, what is more, he has deserved both.

Reviews.

Titian: a Romance of Venice. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D. 3 vols., post 8vo. Bentley.

IT for his subject, Venice for his scene, the opening of the sixteenth century for the time, and "Il Gran Tiziano" for his hero, it must be confessed that Dr. Mackenzie has collected the material for a brilliant story. But, in any court of criticism, an exception might not unfairly be taken to the title-page designation of the work—for though "Titian" is full of the romance of the time and place, it would be much better described as an Art-Novel, which it clearly was meant to be, than as a mere fiction. The author's preface thus explains his intention:—"To trace the progress of a great mind through its many struggles against adverse circumstances—to show with what difficulties it contended, what perseverance it exercised, what aspirations it cherished, what energies it put forth—to exhibit its undeviating application, amid doubt, neglect, and even positive wrong, to the great aims for which it battled—to show its onward path from obscurity to fame, in which, like a star shooting across the heavens, it left a long track of glorious light behind—to manifest its constancy of purpose, its steadfast patience, amid all the 'sickness of hope deferred,' and its great, yet unobscured, exultation when the triumph came, the more welcome for the very delay and doubt—such I contemplated as among the capabilities of the subject, and such, however short I may have fallen in my execution, formed the main portion of my design."

As an Art-Novel, then, it is clear that "Titian" should be considered; and, in this light—more particularly as the first of a class—it is entitled to very high praise. A fine feeling for Art, a strong love of Nature, a beautiful estimate of the character of Venice, and a great familiarity with the picturesque localities of Venice, distinguish the work. The extreme beauty of the style (at once eloquent, manly, and graceful) must strike every reader.

The nature of the work almost precluded the introduction of much incident, for it is a tale rather of Thought than Action. We may briefly indicate the leading points of the story. Cornelius Agrippa, en route to Venice, in the autumn of 1507, encounters Titian, but, though they make travelling acquaintanceship, they part mutually ignorant of each other's identity. Agrippa, who passes off for one of his own pupils, proceeds to enter on his duties as nominal secretary, but actual alchemical assistant to Count Petigliano, the Venetian generalissimo, and, shortly after, again meets with Titian, in the Campanile di St. Mark. Their acquaintance is here renewed, and ripens into such friendship that the painter recounts to Agrippa the history of his life. This autobiography contains many passages of great power, and is, in fact, the history of a Mind, from the aspirations of the boy to the full-fledged, but baffled ambition of the man. Agrippa endeavours to renew the failing springs of Hope, and—both by astrology and chirography—confidently predicts the approaching dawn of brighter fortunes. In confirmation, a mysterious personage, called The Astrologer of St. Mark's, exhibits in a Magic Mirror the various phases of the Painter's future most successful career. All this is cleverly and even most dramatically rendered. The predicted change takes place. In a sort of trial of skill between Titian and Giorgione, about the fresco-embellishments of the Fondaco di Tedeschi, the former obtains the superiority, and that success is the first of a long and uninterrupted series. The fame of his triumph reaches the Casa Petigliano, and interests the Count's daughter and niece (who are most exquisitely described), and the result is that, in disguise, they visit the Painter in his studio. In due course, Amicia, the Count's daughter, loves, and is beloved by Titian; while Beatrice, a sort of rival, finally wins Agrippa, and, on his escape from the *piombi* of Venice (to which he is gratuitously admitted as a spy), flies with him to the Imperial Court at Innsbruck. After many adventures, and some delay, Titian and Amicia also are united—the manner in which this is effected is certainly one of the best and most artistically wrought effects in the work.

This sketch will show that the story is slight. It is not, however, on incident that the tale so much depends, as upon the depth of sentiment, the purity of thought, the brilliancy of conversation, the grace of diction, the clearness of description, and, above all, the immense quantity of information about art, and art which is literally crowded into these volumes. Not only Titian and Giorgione are introduced, but we have Ariosto, the Emperor Maximilian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albert Durer, and others. It is a curious fact, of which Dr. Mackenzie has taken full advantage, that, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the greatest artists of Italy were contemporaries. The Bellini were yet flourishing in Venice, with Titian and Giorgione (their pseudo-pupils) carrying out colouring to its greatest triumph; Leonardo da Vinci was also alive, known and honoured as the first who had given breadth to painting, and mastered the difficulties of light and shade; Michael Angelo and Raphael, then young men, were making the City of the Caesars the scene of that competition whose fruit remains among the Art-miracles of Rome; Julio Romano was just entering on the field; the graceful Correggio and the imaginative Titian were, even then, pencil-in-hand, though the bloom of their fame was a later date. Not one of this illustrious company but deserved especial notice; and the author of "Titian" has represented them as they were—gallant cavaliers, with instructed minds, and fitted to adorn even the courts of princes.

Perhaps, familiarly as Dr. Mackenzie makes us acquainted with these illustrious men—teaching also the principles of the art they were adepts in—his greatest skill has been exhibited in his descriptions of the Ocean-Queen. He brings Venice palpably before us, with her Ducal Palace and her Bridge of Sighs, her churches and her prisons, her lagoons and her canals, her Campanile and her Piazza, her Piombi and her Pozzi—her statues and her paintings—her festivals and her gallantries—in fact, he re-people the past, and throws the reader's mind back into the time.

"When Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles." We shall give a few detached extracts, reserving the more picturesque quotations for next week, when we shall pictorially illustrate them:—

THE PAINTER.

"Those who beheld the two cavaliers, as they conversed together, would notice that Titian, who was several years the senior, had also greatly the advantage in personal appearance. Not merely because in stature he was over the common height, but because in the greater activity of form in no ordinary degree of perfection—if in that there can be degrees—but the features were strikingly handsome, and the bearing was eminently that of one's master of his own mind, and accustomed to acts of importance and decision. His eyes were large and dark, and the intellect which beamed from them, bearing out the theory of Lavater," was confirmed by the ease with which, in conversation, he showed himself acquainted with each subject that arose. His profile was strongly marked, exhibiting the compact forehead, the full eyebrow, the aquiline nose, the well-cut and expressive mouth, the bold and round chin, and the well-shaped neck, which might have been a model to a sculptor anxious to adjust the head of an Antinous upon a suitable support. The physiognomist might think, perhaps, that the mouth indicated tastes a little too luxurious, but it was impossible for him to behold that face without feeling that it must belong to one who had the power and desire to struggle for a mighty prize, and the ability and energy which find or make a way to the goal. It was, in short, one of those faces on which Success was written plainly. Scarcely any per-

son is there, who, once at least, in the path of life, has not come across such a face, and bewildered himself, from time to time, in after years, wondering whether the promise it held forth had been accomplished, and in what manner."

THE HEROINES.

"There were more points of resemblance than contrast between them; for there was a likeness in their features and their minds. Both were fair—but Amicia was lovely. They had more than ordinary accomplishments, in a time when the female intellect was much neglected; but the mind of Beatrice was self-cultivated by genius. Both were young. Beatrice, having just completed her seventeenth year, had the opening maturity of womanhood; Amicia had seen only fifteen summers, and, in that soft clime, it would be difficult to say whether she were child or woman."

"Beautiful as she was, her loveliness was yet was rather more of promise than completion. "A more brilliant blending of bright eyes and gentle accents—of softness and gaiety—of beauty and blandishments, heart could not imagine. Her features were like her father's—but softened into beauty." It was the mild expression of her eyes that subdued her hereditary hauteur of aspect. They were darkly, deeply blue, for her mother was one of the Colonna family, and the daughters of that ancient line have usually been distinguished by the rare, but not unpleasing contrast of dark hair, blue eyes, and a complexion delicately, almost dazlingly, fair."

"Amicia di Orsino was exactly of the middle stature, and slightly below. The long dark lashes which shaded her eyes, reposed upon a cheek 'carminated like an infant's.' It was a natural mistake to think that these expressive and amiable features were black, but in their beauty was the deepest and darkest azure of the sky, whose richest hue they resembled; it had been fancifully, but truthfully said of them, that they seemed dark in the light, and bright in the shadow. Small white hands—tiny feet, beneath whose airy tread the flowers would be milder disturbed, rather than crushed and gliding motions in short, to complete the sketch, there needs but Donne's delicate description of his mistress—

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek, and so sweetly wrought,
That one might also say—her body thought!

"It might be deemed that mirth was the characteristic of her mind—for she scattered smiles around her like sunshine—were it not that, at times, meditation subdued almost to mournfulness, would usurp the ascendancy, until, at length, the overcharged heart would be relieved by tears. If a poet had seen her thus, he might say that, at such moments, her eyes were like violets upon which the May-dew yet lingered and glistened. The few shadows which had crossed her were only summer clouds, for grief was to her rather a thought than a reality, and beholding that beautiful face, into which the pure and gentle mind visibly breathed itself, the heart would be impelled to pray almost involuntarily, that sorrow might never shade it."

"In the countenance of Beatrice there was less of beauty, but more of mind. It was noble, and, as she was known and appreciated, the eye, dazzled by the superior loveliness of her cousin, might either not notice her, or fancy that she was even almost plain. But, when she was known, the marvel would be how such features, so ill illumined, could ever have been deemed other than beautiful. The dark eyes flashed with intelligence, the pale cheek glowed with enthusiasm, the brow looked the very throne of thought, the clear, earnest voice breathed forth its welcome words in all the sweetness of music—and then the maiden might be truly said to 'walk in light of her own making.' For, after all, it is the mind that best displays the beauty, even as a sunshine brings out the loveliness of a landscape. It was for Amicia to conquer with a glance—for Beatrice to steal gradually into the heart. Amicia might lose a votary, but whom her cousin once won would ever be a captive; for some maids, as the poet sings, weave nets while others make cages."

PROGRESS OF PAINTING.

Beautiful is it when across the vivid fancy floats a new creation, the germ of some noble work which may give its painter's name to immortality! The eager hand snatches the pencil, quickly striving to "catch" the idea, the Cynthia of the minute, then comes forth Thought, with her meditative brow, and her flashing eyes, and of the twain the bright ideal is the offspring. Then, the skilful hand engages in the execution, and soon the rapid outlines show the advance shadow of the coming beauty. The figures are clothed with form and colour, and the landscape assumes the true expression. The landscape may lend its reality to the scene. At length, matured by contemplation, and corrected by judgment, the finished painting glows with the loveliness of nature and the hues of truth. All eyes are eager to view—all tongues delight to praise it, and surely, however painfully such crowning perfection has been attained, for patient study and much industry, never weary, was there truly great painter—the consummation thus glorious repays all the pains.

From the extracts some idea of the peculiar style and sentiment of "Titian" may be obtained. We may add that there are many beautiful sketches of poetry scattered through the volumes, some of which are certainly worthy of being "wedded to immortal music." We have room for one graceful lyric—

As the violet loveth the welcome shade,
As the mariner loveth the sea—
As the peasant-boy loveth his native glade,
Where his bounding step is free—
As the nightingale loveth the grove, to its greatest
Which blooms by the rippling rill,
As the maiden loveth the moonlight hour
When music hails her still;
So is my spirit's love for thine,
As it never would part more,
And deems that thou art half-divine,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!
But the mariner finds an ocean grave,
And the peasant sinks into the slave
Beneath a tyrant's eye,
And withers the rose by the rippling stream—
And the bird's sweet strain grows dull—
And a cloud dims over the moon's pale beam
For the loss of the beautiful.
And so, fair spirit, thoughts of thee
In care and grief grow o'er,
When lingers the bright, glad, the free,
Leonor! Leonor! Leonor!

Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology and Pathology. By THOMAS LIEBIG, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S. Edited from the Author's Manuscript, by WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S., L. & E.

Science, like things of less importance, has its peculiar fashions. That branch of philosophy which yesterday was cultivated with ardour, to-day is superseded by others considered of more paramount value, and these again give way to succeeding ones. During these transitions, however, changes occur more or less favourable to the improvement of their systematic arrangement; while the division of subjects, and of labour, is made subservient to the more certain diffusion of pure philosophy.

Considering, then, how intimately connected medicine is with its associate sciences, cannot it be a matter of surprise that it should, at different periods, assume the tone and language of the prevailing and fashionable one. Thus when, about the 17th century, Chemistry became the reigning science of the day, and the Adepts, even amid their absurd and enthusiastic dreamings, were occasionally producing some useful results, we cannot wonder that the physician should endeavour to treat the human body as a laboratory, in which the same changes could be produced as in the inorganic world.

However, they soon discovered their mistake, and found it necessary to separate the study of the animal economy from dead matter; inasmuch as those beings who are endowed with life and sensation are subjected to laws differing from those which govern

inanimate objects. That, in fact, in animated bodies there exists a general cause of the operations of life; that the different organs, though constantly dependant upon this cause, have nevertheless certain modes of being affected and of acting peculiar to themselves, the consequence of their peculiar structure. To this cause, whatever it may be, different names have been given. It is the *force*, or *impulsive principle*, of Hippocrates; the *soul*, *nervous power*, *sensibility*, *vital principle*, *solidum vivum*, &c., of more modern medical philosophers. What these causes are, in their essence, we know not; 'tis futile to attempt the research. Suffice it that it exerts an influence upon all the organs of the human body, digests in the stomach, breathes in the lungs, secretes the bile in the liver, and thinks in the head. To trace the laws by which this cause is governed, to determine the modifications which it undergoes in different parts of the system, and in different circumstances, and to ascertain the means of operating, both upon the whole system in general, and upon any organ in particular, in order to preserve or re-establish the regularity of its functions, is the province of medicine; and hence arises the necessity of the study of animal chemistry. The celebrated Stahl used to observe, *Chemia usus in medicina nullus, aut fere nullus*? This remark, however, is heterodox in the extreme. Physiology and chemistry ought ever to go hand in hand—say, they ought to be so "fused together" as to render separation impossible. Until lately, however, it has been a sad approach to our physiologists that they have had but a very limited acquaintance with the methods of chemical research; and Professor Liebig justly ascribes to this, the fact, "that for the last fifty years they have established so few new and solid truths in regard to a more profound knowledge of the functions of the most important organs of the spleen, of the liver, and of the numerous glands of the body."

We are indebted to Professor Liebig, not only for bringing the important subject of animal chemistry frequently before the world, but for doing it in such a form that it becomes one of the most beautiful and popular sciences of the day.

ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY FOR FARMERS.

URING a long series of years the agriculturist turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of the practical chemist, content to follow the beaten track of established custom, and fearing to venture on an experiment the success of which was altogether uncertain. In course of time, however, the successful application of chemical agencies in the rearing of crops, and the treatment of soils, by certain philosophic landholders, forced upon the attention of almost every one the necessity of a thorough investigation of the subject. The writings of Sir Humphrey Davy, and more recently those of Professor Liebig, gave an impulse to the matter. Societies of farmers sprang up in all directions, having for their objects the chemical examination of soils and manures; the chemist, so long laughed at as a spirit of empiry, prevailed the cultivators of the soil.

In a series of practical papers we intend, therefore, to assist the farmer in his studies—to teach him how to proceed in his useful investigations—to point out to him the modes of analysing soils and manures, and more especially the doctrine of adaptation under different circumstances. To this end we shall, with a due regard to perspicuity, avoid all unnecessary details and scientific technicalities.

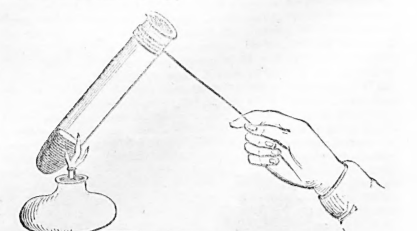
We commence, then, by a consideration of the elementary substances entering into the composition of plants, soils, and manures; the state in which they exist, and the process of combination; and finally, the application of the knowledge of these facts to agriculture.

The chemist divides all bodies into two grand classes, viz.—the *simple*, and the *compound*: the last are again divided into organic and inorganic bodies. A simple or elementary body is one incapable of decomposition or further combination. Thus, iron (as well as all metals) is a simple body; do what we may with it, it still remains iron, we cannot simplify its state—we may combine it with other bodies, but we cannot separate or decompose the metal itself. Chalk, on the other hand, is a compound body, consisting of lime and carbonic acid; if we heat it, therefore, the carbonic acid escapes in the form of gas, and quick-lime remains.

There are known to chemists fifty-five or fifty-six elementary substances; but of these, only a few will come under our notice in these papers.

Having thus pointed out, as briefly as possible, the difference between *simple* and a *compound* body, we shall, in the next place, speak of *organic* and *inorganic* substances. The term *organic* seems to imply the possession, by certain substances, of a set of organs or apparatus necessary to their continued existence. This, however, is not universally the case. Plants and animals are certainly thus provided, and hence are organic; but there are many compounds which possess no organs, yet, inasmuch as they are the products of living bodies, are denominated *organic*—such are *starch*, *vinegar*, &c. Under these circumstances, therefore, there may be, in some cases, a difficulty in the way of the experimenter, inasmuch as he may not always be able, by simple inspection, to ascertain whether the body before him be organic or not. It is our province, then, to teach the student how to resolve this difficulty, and not only so, but to ascertain whether the supposed organic compound be an animal or vegetable product.

For this experiment take a small glass tube, provided with a handle of wire turned round it (see fig.)

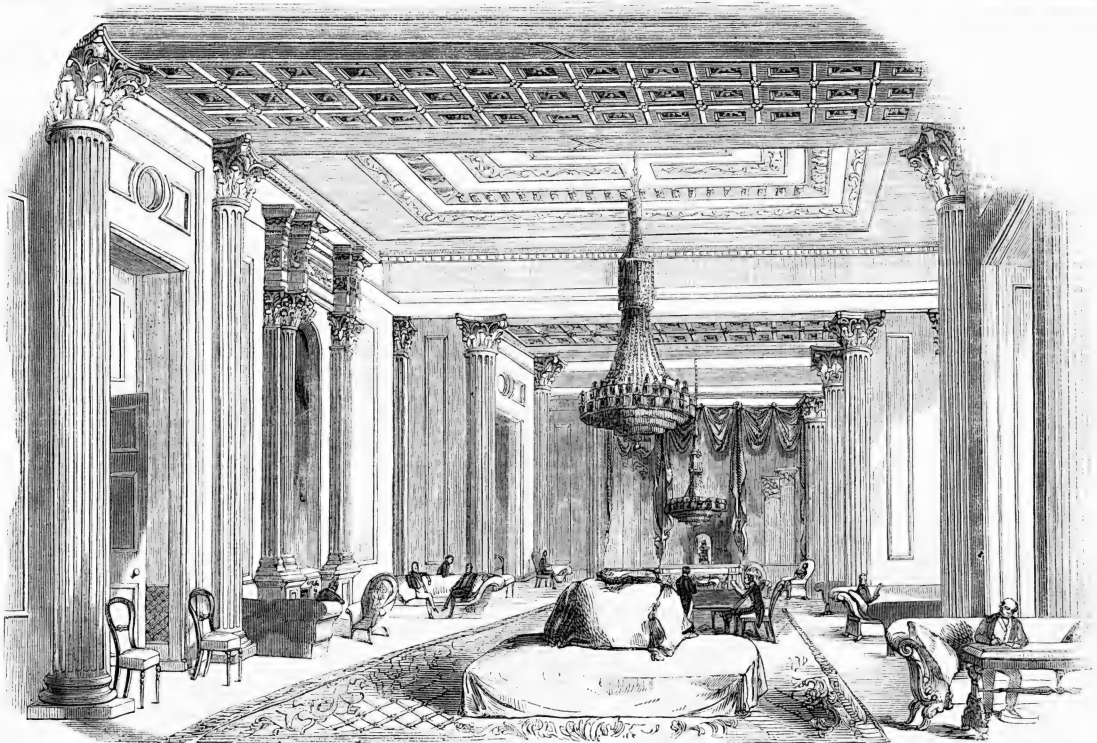


Then place the substance to be examined (suppose it a piece of paper) in the tube, and subject it to the heat of a spirit-lamp. When the heat has been applied a sufficient length of time, a white tube will be produced, and also a dark-coloured liquid, having an empyreumatic odour. If we now hold within the tube a piece of blue litmus paper, it will be reddened, indicating the presence of a volatile acid, produced by the decomposition of the paper, and a black mass will remain in the tube: this is charcoal. This test indicates the vegetable origin of the organic substance.

Now clean out the tube, and take a feather or piece of wool, and apply heat in the same way. On applying the litmus paper reddened in the last experiment, its original blue colour will be immediately restored, proving that the decomposition in this case has produced an alkali. The white fumes, and the dark coloured liquid will be produced as in the former experiment, but the odour developed will be much more unpleasant.

If, therefore, the body behaves under the influence of heat, in the manner just described, it is organic. If litmus be reddened, it is a vegetable product. If the original blue colour of the reddened litmus be restored, the substance under examination is animal matter.

Elementary bodies are divided into metallic and non-metallic substances. Organic matter is principally composed of four non-metallic elements—viz., carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. The first of these is a solid; the three remaining ones are gaseous.



THE REFORM CLUB.

Amid the numerous signs of the great advance that has been made within the few last years by the principles of Reform, may be ranked the fact that the most splendid of all the metropolitan clubs is that which is in its name and character exclusively liberal. The Reform Club, of which an engraving is here given, is justly considered to be one of the most splendid pieces of architecture by which the metropolis is adorned, and throws its Conservative neighbour, the Carlton, as much into the shade as the enlightened views entertained at the one eclipse the dark and narrow policy supported by the members of the other. It is not many years ago that Reform was scouted with contempt from the comparatively humble dwellings of even the middle classes of society, who being themselves "well to do," were selfishly desirous of leaving things as they were, in spite of the warnings that those who, could see further than the day, and who cared for something beyond themselves, were continually giving expression to—Reform, which for many years had no better champion in Parliament than Sir Francis Burdett, who, session after session, proposed a resolution which he could find no one even to second—Reform, which was treated with ridicule by enemies, and almost despaired of by friends, has experienced triumphs, which if they have afforded as yet but little substantial good, have paved the way for the ultimate accomplishment of all that can be desired. We have seen a Tory

Ministry, supported by the influence of the Crown, scattered to the winds by the breath of a people demanding, almost with one voice, the accession to power of a Government pledged to a reform of a bold and sweeping character. From the moment that the measure of Lord Grey became the law of the land, it was impossible that any set of men could, for any length of time, continue to hold the reins of power, without being prepared to carry on the Government in a tone and spirit decidedly liberal. The days are past for those who are entrusted with the Government to affect a disregard for the will of the people; and the doctrine that the many are to yield implicit obedience to the few, has long been abandoned by all, as insupportable.

It might, perhaps, be considered as a *prima facie* proof of the liberal cause having taken a retrograde direction, that the Whigs are out of office, and that their places are occupied by the men who have usually borne the name of Tories or Conservatives. So far, however, from our seeing any reason for discouragement in the downfall of Lord Melbourne and the accession of Sir Robert Peel, we regard it as an excellent omen for the liberal cause—inasmuch as it shows a determination on the part of the country to banish distinctions of a merely nominal kind, and to test politicians by the acts they perform rather than by the names they give themselves. Those who expected that Tory ascendancy would be re-established

when the Whigs were expelled from office, showed themselves unnecessarily timid if they were the friends of reform, and excessively short-sighted if they were its enemies. It is a moral influence which the will of the people can exercise over the choice of the House of Commons,—it is, we say, impossible, even with the circumscribed power which popular opinion possesses, that any Minister can maintain his ground if he sets himself in opposition to the advancement of liberal principles. Sir Robert Peel, with all his boast of having reconstructed the Conservative party, has governed, up to the present moment, not so much by the aid of, but in spite of it. He has feared opposition to his measures from nominal friends rather than from his accustomed political foes; for he has felt that there is a power in the country to which he has been obliged to yield obedience, even at the occasional risk of diminishing materially his majorities in Parliament.

Reform, instead of being thrown back by the overthrow of the Whig Government, has, at all arrested, been only pausing before it takes a bolder spring in advance than any that it has yet accomplished; and we look confidently forward to reaping some of the fruit of which the Reform Bill was but the germ—the crop of which must be eventually gathered.

ODDITIES OF THE WORLD.—No. I.



! Ay, travel where we will—over hill or across dale, by mountain or plain, city or forest—overrun the earth from the North Pole

to the Cape, and we shall stumble on excrecences and eccentricities, which can only fall under the above heading. Here we shall meet with a knobby protrusion from that strange body called the Social Compact, and here we shall find as odd a protrusion from the plain surface of that even-going old lady, Dame Nature, in the shape of some eccentric mountain or illegal lake, who do not choose to be regulated by the proprieties of aspect or the laws of being, which control the form and fashion of their better governed brethren. And what would earth be without them? A dull, plain, seedy place—unentertaining from its monotony, and unintelligible from its want of strong marking. If you would read Society, you can only read it as your satirists do by the study of its points. If you would identify Nature, it must be by catching some bizarre shape, or unusual form, by which to appropriate your portraiture. Oddity is the real individuality. He who has it not is an unit in the account of the mass. He reckons one in the statistics of population, carries a Christian name, if his father and mother gave him a fair chance of doing so, eats, marries, drinks, sleeps, and is never talked of by any body who is not upon his visiting list, or who counts not among his cousins.

Ludwig Von Smokanuph was the oddest of an odd class. Ludwig was a German student, carrying the vices of his brethren to excess, but paying an equal respect to their virtues. In relation to common sense, he might be defined as one-half baboon—one-quarter poet—one-eighth of the *preux chevalier*, and the rest 'bitter beer,' 'tobacco,' and 'carié.' Making fair allowances for exaggeration, the same description will embrace nine-tenths of the body he belongs to; and as the remaining tenth has the common family features of the masses, there is no necessity for giving it any. Ludwig was a genius; he spoke four languages beside his own, and spoke none of them so that they could be understood by the exercise of any faculty which did not approximate to inspiration. He talked a great deal about foreign literature; and after a social discussion of Rhein-wein with his intimate friends, would recite *Hundel's* famous soliloquy after a German and peculiar fashion of his own, which greatly heightened its sublimity. *Byron's Cain* was a favourite volume of the excellent Ludwig's; and when he quoted from *Don Juan*, he always placed the extracted thoughts in the mouth of *Lucifer*—a new arrangement, by which the poet was decidedly benefitted. Goethe was, however, the great literary idol of the *burschen*, and the second part of *Faust* was his favourite volume, for the precise reason which made him a resolute follower of Kant. He neither understood the poem nor the philosopher. Schiller was a devotion, but Körner was a passion. And when asked for a reason touching his faith in any of the above-mentioned poets, he always treated the question *aesthetically*; hence it was not to be marvelled at, that the world did not thoroughly understand him.

Another of Ludwig's peculiarities was his love of the "duello." He fed upon it. It was his mental meat and drink. He had fought four score and five in the first year of his residence, and never lost blood enough to drown a fly. We would attribute this to his luck, had the University in the last two years lost a pint of that precious ichor (except under the hands of a surgeon, when treating for the apoplectic tendencies of intoxication), but as duels averaged five or six *per diem*, and nobody had received more than a skin-scratch for seven or eight years, this must be attributed to the custom of the country, rather than to any peculiar passion with which Von Smokanuph had inspired the *fortuna belli*. In fact, the *schlager* was one of those harmless weapons with which the dextrous swordsman might manage to poke out an eye or curtail a nose, but could certainly do no further injury; the more especially as each duellist was equipped in leather and horsehair enough to have stuffed and covered half-a-dozen chairs, which formed such a skin as a pistol-bullet could scarcely penetrate. The bravery of the *burschen* was fully equalled by their prudence, and more than equalled by their ingenuity.

In his line, Ludwig is a Platonist, and gets excessively drunk upon thin beer, that he may sing the beauties of some imaginary Carina without blushing. He, however, carries on a strong flirtation with the goldsmith's fair-haired Gerschen over the way, and "thous" her with all the fervour of present passion, taking care, at the same time, to look over his shoulder whenever he passes her in the carriage of Madeline Von Rosenthal, his cousin, or lounges by her father's shop with the sweet little Marie, who rejoices in being the daughter of the great professor, Von Strahl. Moreover, he plays *carte au merveille*, when he can persuade his friends to sit with his back to the window on a summer evening, so that he can count the pips and see the colour through the texture of the cards which he deals him. The rest of his character is always thrust under your nose. Tobacco and cherry-stick pipes fill his room. Tobacco hangs at his breast in a pouch, and a *meerschmann* peeps out of his pocket when it is not between his lips. Tobacco begins the day, and tobacco ends it. He has no idea of a heaven from which tobacco must be excluded, or of an earth upon which tobacco is not to be inhaled. A smoking-room is to him the earthly Eden. He smokes in bed and out of it, until he is so thoroughly intimated with tobacco, that were he cut into small pieces and carefully dried, he might make a good substitute for it. His life is one long fumigation. He fights with a pipe in his mouth—walks with it between his lips—drives with it at his side, and gambles with it in his pocket. To the waltz alone it gives place. See Ludwig Von Smokanuph at a ball, reeling round the room like a ball of cotton which will never wind out, and you acknowledge his supremacy in the science of the dance over all the unprofessional world. When he begins to waltz, he forgets to smoke; while he smokes, he forgets to waltz. The rest are interludes only in existence; these are the body in his drama.

Literature.

Day Dreams. By CHARLES KNOX. Ollivier.

HERE is much that is poetical and much that is true scattered through this volume. The poet is not, perhaps, a great one; but he is a poet, and offers another proof to the world that poetry is not yet quite dead amongst us. It is true that there are few startling thoughts and few strong ideas sprinkled among these "Dreams;" but they possess a sustained and even flow of delicate ideas and graceful language, which is in itself no meanly poetic quality. The following verses may give an idea of our author's style, which will leave far from an unfavourable impression on the reader:—

But hearts may break, and who shall heed;
And tears may sear, and scar in vain;
Soon clamps and foams each gallant steed,
At fair St. Clement's antique fane,
A snow-white courser bears the bride,
'Twas Cuno's gift in happier days;
Her silver veil can scarcely hide
Her anguish from the vulgar gaze.

The loveliest form of sculptured sadness
Is scarce so pale, so still, so mute;
But see the steed, what sudden madness
Has seized upon the noble brute!
With headlong plunge, with furious bound,
He rears his form erect in air;
Already Curt rolls on the ground,
With wounds that scarce his life will spare.

Through man and horse, and priest and knight,
He scatters wide the startled ranks;
And bursts his way in maddened flight
Along the river's edgy banks.
And see where turns his headlong race,
It leads to Cuno's well-known home;
With wondering cry, in hopeless chace,
Behind the hot pursuers come.

Still sits the maiden saddle fast,
All whirled as in a hideous dream;
Now floundering wild, the steed has passed
The rocky Morgen's dangerous stream.



With struggle fierce o'er falling stone,
And earth upborn, and emerald tree;
The mountain's castled crest is won,
One moment and the maid is free.

With ready haste the drawbridge falls,
The rugged gates are opened wide;
Who deemed that morn within those walls,
That noon should close them on a bride?
Right through the arch the charger springs,
Oh, joy unhop'd, no tongue can tell;
The grain portcullis rattling rings,
'Tis gallant Cuno's wedding bell.

As our next extract we shall take the following stanza, containing, as it does, a power of word-painting, which few modern poets possess:—

Now the gay insect tribes, in glittering brightness,
Exult in life—that life a summer's day;
The graceful swallow, on its wing of lightness,
From the lake's breast skims his unconscious prey;
Creation revels—nature is at play;
A mother called her child in that faint bleat:
How fresh the summer morning's glorious ray!



With this extract we shall close our notice of a work distinguished as much by the beauty of its illustrations and by the splendour of its type, as it is by the elegance and ease of the author's intellectual exertions.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of the members of the above society was held on Tuesday afternoon, at the offices in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square. Among those present were the Earls of Arundel and Surrey, Sir H. Ellis, Sir R. P. Jodrell, the Rev. Dr. Croly, Mr. Crofton Croker, &c. Henry Hallam, Esq., took the chair. Mr. Blewitt, the secretary, read the report of the council. It stated that the presidency of his Royal Highness Prince Albert had proved highly advantageous to the institution; and that during the past year the sum of £1,255 had been given as relief to distressed literary men, their wives and children; making a total, since the establishment of the society in 1790, of £39,000. The amount distributed in 1841 was £765. The report having been adopted, a letter was read from the Russian Ambassador, announcing that the Emperor of Russia appreciated the objects of the institution, and presented it with 1,000 silver rubles (about £155). The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earls of Arundel and Surrey, Mr. B. B. Cabell, &c., were re-elected vice-presidents; after which, thanks were given to the chairman, and the meeting separated.



The singular plant, of which we give a sketch above, is known to botanists under the name of the *Diomaea Muscipula*, or Venus' Fly Trap, and is a native of the Savannas of North and South Carolina. It possesses great interest in the eyes of the naturalist;—first, owing to the unusual nutriment upon which it thrives; and, secondly, on account of the power it possesses of entrapping its prey. Its leaf is composed of a broad winged stalk, expanding into a thick lamina, divided by a joint into two semi-circular portions, each of which is edged with a row of bristles, giving it, in some degree, the appearance of a rat-trap. On the inner surface of each leaf is a row of very fine hairs; these are exquisitely sensitive—and as soon as an insect alights on the leaf, and touches these hairs, the two sides collapse, and the prey is enclosed. The fly is not killed immediately. Mr. Curtis states, "I have often liberated flies, and spiders, which sped away, as fast as fear or joy could hasten them." It frequently happens that upon the same plant may be found one leaf, within whose grasp is a living insect, while in another is a dead one.

Nothing in Nature is superfluous—nothing without design. Well might the sacred poet of antiquity exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, Lord God of Hosts! in wisdom hast thou made them all." Thus we find that this strange apparatus is necessary to the existence of this plant, which, unlike the vegetable world generally, requires organic food. That the insect thus entrapped supplies, during decomposition, nutriment to its destroyer, may be proved by the fact that if pieces of meat be substituted for flies, &c., the plant grows much more luxuriantly than otherwise it would do, without this artificial stimulus. Many other plants have this power of entrapping living insects; among the number we may mention the pretty little *English Sauter*, and the *Nepenthes*, or Pitcher-plant, of which a sketch will be given in a future number.



PLESSY.

One of the most delicious actresses that ever trod the stage is Plessy; and she has been welcomed among us once more as only the favourites of the public can be welcomed. Her age is that over

which time exerts small power. At twenty-four, a year passes lightly; it steals neither bloom nor beauty from the cheek, nor fire from the eye, nor grace from the figure. Alas! as age comes closer on us, a year counts up against us, and but too widely changes that which it should scarce have touched. But at present age and years have nothing to do with Plessy, and who that has seen her delicious *Estelle* could wish they should have? From its first to its last line it breathes with beauty. Beauty trembles in every slumbering movement or flashing passion of the fawn-like eye—plays upon the lip—influences the high-bred and aristocratic bearing, and moulds the delicious utterance from which the words fall like drops of dew upon the ear. The silent and tender passion of the soul never found an exponent more delicate than in that touching and mute fear with which she pauses before her father, ere called to his arms by the sweet word for whose sound her heart panted. To compare her with her rivals on the French stage would be worse than useless. She possesses little or nothing in common with them. Alone, as the successor of Madame Mars—at a distance, possibly, but nevertheless, the only legitimate successor to the sceptre of comedy and *vaudeville* wielded by that matchless actress—she must not be compared with such an artist as Albert any more than she is compared with such an actress as Rachel. Albert is the actress of oddity and character, while Plessy is the representative of conventional sentiment, and the impersonatrix of conventional feeling. Each are equally true in themselves; but the one is heartier, and the other more delicate. For ourselves, we can answer that we would willingly dispense with the pepper and garlic which characterise the coarser *plat* in favour of the less palpable and more refined flavour of the other. We conclude with a simile fit for a cook rather than a critic. Spare us your disgust, good reader—forget the simile, and join in wishing Plessy [as successful an engagement as she met with a warm reception upon Friday last.



Fashions.

Paris, March 7th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—The splendid fêtes which have lately taken place in this city have given such an impetus to the imagination and talent of our artists, that it becomes a matter of some difficulty to do justice to the good taste which is usually so conspicuous in their productions; but which has never been exhibited in so extraordinary degree as at some of our late re-unions. Perhaps never in the annals of fashion has any thing more beautiful been seen, than the *travet costume* afforded by our ladies' costume, at our late Civil List Ball, and at the splendid party of M. Guizot. In the midst of so much novelty and beauty, it becomes almost an invidious task to single out any dress conspicuous for its elegance, or its exquisite taste. I shall, therefore, content myself with choosing, at random, from among the splendid crowd and shall attempt to give a faint description of a few of the dresses, which struck me more particularly.

In the first place, then, let me mention the dress of Mm. la Duchesse de B., the effect of which was really marvellous. It consisted of a robe of rose-coloured gauze, upon which descended, as low as the knee, a tunic with its corner twisted and trimmed around its whole circumference with English point lace. For coiffure, a scarf was worn of white tulle, embroidered in silver fringe, which was left open at the bottom and top, to permit the hair to pass through it, and to be fastened up by a comb, set in diamonds; the silver fringe intermingled with the diamonds produced a most admirable effect.

In a different style, but equally effective, was the dress of another very beautiful woman; and which consisted of a robe of crape, with a corsage à la Marie Antoinette, fastened with gold studs; the robe was slightly raised in festoons in front by means of two little garlands of white caucasia, which decreased in size as they approached the waist; under this was a robe of white satin, trimmed with a deep fold of blond, the whole ornamented with a garland of natural flowers (candellias).

A lady, who seemed to belong to the same party, wore a robe of blue satin, open on both sides, with the lining turned back slightly, covered with silver lace; thus permitting the petticoat of rose-coloured satin to be seen beneath. A little coiffure, with the borders in rose-coloured velvet, edged with silver fringe, and ornamented with a plume of feathers springing from a diamond centre, and inclined rather to one side, completed this toilette.

Near this group we observed another toilette, consisting of a robe of black velvet open on both sides of the skirt, permitting the petticoat, which was of rose-coloured satin, to be seen through the brandenburgh of jet, which kept the two sides of the skirt together. The berthe was in jet, with narrow borders in rose-coloured velvet, with a large marabout rose fringed, and kept in its place by a splendid bouquet and sprig of diamonds.

Perhaps, however, nothing was more effective than M. Guizot's ball than a robe completely formed of blond, trimmed with a garland of May roses, and for head dress a crown of roses with the foliage in diamonds.

I should remark that the fashion of interesting diamonds with flowers is increasing in Paris; and if we are to judge from the beautiful effect which this description of ornament affords, it is a fashion entirely deserving of the vogue which it has attained. The flowers most in use are roses and carnations; but to make them entirely effective, they must have a heart or centre, or at least the foliage, composed of diamonds.

At a future period I may revert to this famous ball of M. Guizot; at present want of space warns me to conclude.

MARIE.

Theatricals.

We shall recur to this subject in a future number.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

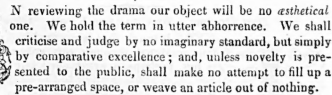
The report and balance-sheet were adopted, and the chairman, in reply to questions, said that the trustees of the Kent-road were about to make three lines of communication in the direction of the Tunnel.

Mr. Adams, after few remarks, observed—

“That this general assembly has heard, with the greatest satisfaction, the report now laid before it of the completion of the Thames Tunnel as a thoroughfare for foot-passengers, and also (with the exception of the descent) for carriages.

EAST INDIA HOUSE.

The CHAIRMAN said that the proposed alterations would give rise to very long debate, which it was desirable to avoid. After some remarks relative to the alteration proposed by Mr. PUGH, the resolutions were carried, only three hands being held up against them, and the Court adjourned.



DRURY LANE.

Mademoiselle Pleyss has been at her appearance this week in "Le portrait vivant," and "Le Réve du Mari," and has acted with her customary grace in both. Her exquisitely lady-like style has received full meed of appreciation in either piece, for nothing could surpass the enthusiasm which was excited by her graceful and thoroughbred performance. Her next appearance is reported in "Le portrait vivant," as the actor, Cartigny, who is the reigning artist among the male comedians of this theatre; and in the latter, by that sweet little French singer Mademoiselle Prosper, who is too little seen upon this stage. It ought also to make honourable mention of Mademoiselle Arenal, who looks so charmingly well, and is so well supported in her part, and acts with much grace and intelligence. In every respect, this is one of the most pleasant and profitable of the metropolitan theatres.

Sporting Intelligence.

CHESTER CUP.

- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Goodwin's Rescort.
 2 to 1 — Mr. Lovey's the Reaction.
 15 to 1 — Mr. Plummer's the Harlow (taken).
 15 to 1 — Lord Chesterfield's Marshal Sully.
 15 to 1 — Mr. Isaac Day's Marius (taken).
 DUBLY.
 9 to 1 agst Mr. Blacklock's a British Yeoman.
 10 to 1 — Colonel Peet's Mural.
 25 to 1 — Mr. Bell's Winsour.
 25 to 1 — Lord Ezlin's Aristides.
 27 to 1 — Col. Anson's Napier.
 35 to 1 — Mr. Griffith's Newcourt.
 35 to 1 — Lord Westminster's Languish c.
 40 to 1 — Duke of Grafton's Cataract (taken and aft. offered).
 100 to 1 — Brown's Colubine.
 1000 to 15 — Mr. T. Taylor's Game Cock.
 1000 to 15 — Duke of Richmond's Cornopae (taken).
 1000 to 15 — Col. Mordaunt's the Game.
 1000 even between Myrtle and Game Cock.

OAKS.
5 to 1 agst Lord Westminster's Maria Day (taken).

ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

The chairman then dissolved the meeting.

ANTI-CORN-LAW MEETING, ST. CLEMENTS CHURCH.—On Thursday evening, 20th, a very numerous and highly respectable meeting of the inhabitants of St. Clements Church, Dane, was held in the vestry-room of that church, for the purpose of considering the propriety of again petitioning Parliament for the total abrogation of the corn and provision laws; Mr. Dickson in the chair. Messrs. Proat, Cadogan, and several other gentlemen, advanced forcible arguments during the evening in support of the principles for which they had assembled, and recommended the speedy abolition of all restraints on trade as a certain panacea for the existing distress. After a considerable discussion and unanimous vote, it was resolved that petitions should be forthwith drawn out and presented to Government praying for the total abolition of the corn and provision laws.

